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LEEDS ROYAL & IMPERIAL

BAZAAR

Presented to



BY THE COMMITTEE OF THE

LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTION
AND
LITERARY SOCIETY;

As a slight acknowledgement of their appreciation of the valuable services rendered at the Bazaar held in the Victoria Hall, May 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th 1868, in aid of the Fund for the reduction of the debt on the New Building

Robert Addyman
Chairman

TRADE MARKS REGISTERED

LEEDS ROYAL BAZAAR



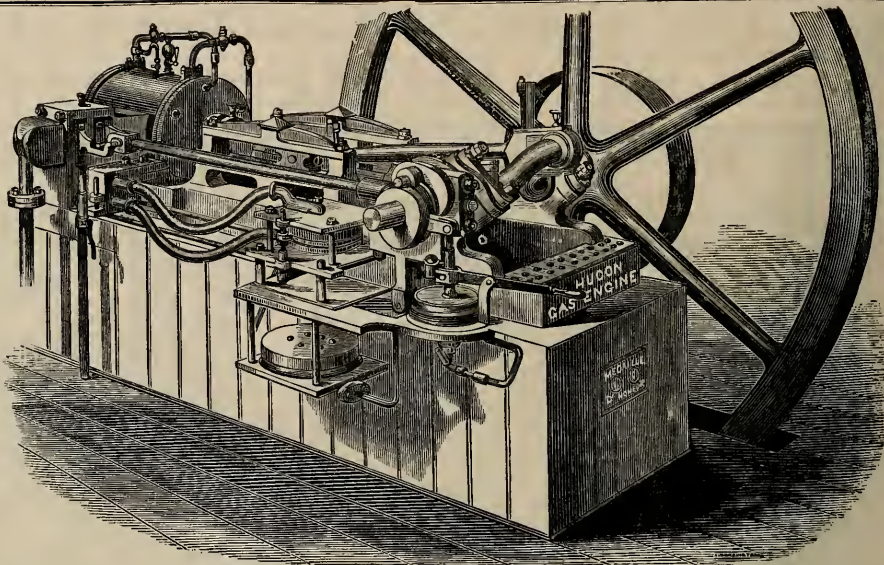
PRINTED IN THE
VICTORIA HALL,
BY
CHARLES GOODALL,
16, WOODHOUSE LANE
LEEDS.

J. Sutcliffe Headingley,
LEEDS.

HIS HIGHNESS, HULLARTS, VISITS THE BAZAAR, ACCOMPANIED BY NUMEROUS EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS; AND IS MET AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE HALL BY ONE OF THE LIONS OF THE TOWN.

NO ELECTRICITY.
 NO BOILER.
 NO CHIMNEY.
 NO DANGER.
 NO SMOKE.
 NO EXTRA INSURANCE.
 COMPETITION
 CHALLENGED.
 INSPECTION INVITED.

Awarded the
 FIRST PRIZE MEDAL
 at the
 PARIS UNIVERSAL
 EXHIBITION, 1867.



JOSEPH WHITLEY AND CO., BOWMAN LANE, LEEDS,

And Two Doors from the Leeds Fine Art Exhibition, and One Minute's Walk from the Leeds Royal Bazaar, where it may be seen working.
 SOLE LICENCES FOR LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE.

CATALAN WINES.

THESE delicious Wines are strongly recommended by Medical Men, as having very remarkable strengthening properties, and are used regularly in many Hospitals, Infirmaries, and Dispensaries.

Price 17s. and 20s. per Doz., bottles included.

SOLE AGENTS FOR LEEDS:

JOHN EYRES & SON,

GUILDFORD HOUSE,

UPPERHEAD ROW,

LEEDS.

ESTABLISHED 1804.
 ACME OF FASHION, 12 & 13, BOAR LANE, LEEDS.
 Hair Cutting, Hair Dressing, Hair Dyeing, Head
 Washing, Invisible Perukes.

THE oldest established house in Leeds for every description of Toilet Requisites, manufactured by the first London and Paris houses. All the newest and most fashionable perfumes. Every description of Soaps, Sponges, &c. A large stock of Hair Brushes in solid Ivory, Tortoise-shell, India Rosewood, &c., &c. Ornamental Hair, of every description, in stock and made to order.—Observe the address.
 SHORT VICKERS, 12 and 13, BOAR LANE.

J. FRED CLARKE'S

PIANOFORTE & MUSIC WAREHOUSE,

133, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.

PIANOFORTES TUNED, REPAIRED, AND LENT ON HIRE.

ALL THE NEWEST MUSIC HALF PRICE.

ONLY SIX AND A HALF GUINEAS.



THE BRITANNIA

(New Registered)

SEWING MACHINE,

ENGLISH MADE, LOCK-STITCH,

With some SPECIAL IMPROVEMENTS, which no other Machine possesses, being the

BEST AND CHEAPEST MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

No. 1.—Polished Walnut or Mahogany Table, and handsome Bronze

Stand, 64 GUINEAS.

No. 4.—Polished Folding Lock-up Half Case on Ornamental Stand, 8 GUINEAS.

No. 7.—Full Cabinet Machine, with Folding Doors and Cover, best

polished, 12 GUINEAS.

No. 9.—Davenport, very elegant, (quite new), 13 GUINEAS.

CIRCULARS, POST FREE.

AGENTS—B. REYNOLDS & Co.,

5 & 6, LEEDS BRIDGE, LEEDS.

B. REYNOLDS & Co., Wholesale and Retail Drapers, have made large purchases in Plain and Twilled Cotton Sheetings and Sheets, Irish, Scotch, Broadcloth, and Knivesborough Linen Sheetings, Pillow Linens, Table Damasks and Cloths, Counterpanes, Toilet Covers, Huckabacks, Turkish and other Towels, Muslin and Leno Curtains, Union and Wool Damasks and this class of Goods generally, the same makes for which their establishment has been so long noted, and are offering them at prices lower than they have been for several years past.

A LARGE STOCK OF BLACK SILKS

In Glaces, Grosgrains, Drap de France, Cashmere de Sole, &c., by the most eminent English and Foreign Manufacturers, (wear guaranteed.)

B. REYNOLDS & Co. (LATE HOTHAM & WHITING),
 THE OLD-ESTABLISHED LINEN WAREHOUSE, 5 AND 6, LEEDS BRIDGE, LEEDS.

The Royal Bazaar Gazette.

No. 1

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

MAY 26TH, 1868.

STALL, No. 2.

THE LADIES presiding at Stall, No. 2, have collected with unflagging energy, and produced with a total disregard of cost, an assortment of articles of such exquisite beauty and taste, combined with unobscured utility, as will utterly defy competition. This varied Stock they have determined to clear out at reasonable prices, thus recognizing a principle quite novel in Bazaar enterprise; at the same time equally serving the great cause of literature and education and largely benefiting their customers.

Confident the manifold attractions of their Stall, the Ladies would not wish to be thought importunate, but only request that their Stock may be seen, whose insatiable longings, for some of the choice articles displayed, are sure to follow.

With their possession, the enjoyment they not end, for a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and, even in sleep, the remembrance of Stall, No. 2, and its many glories, shall steal o'er them like "the soft, sweet, exquisite music of a dream."

N.B.—Trusting to a discerning and discriminating public, the Ladies of the above stall feel sure that they have done their duty, and it only remains for their numerous friends to support them in their praiseworthy undertaking.

Neighbours and friends, both young and old,
To NUMBER 2 repair;
Bring purses filled with notes and gold,
And freely spend it there.

GENTLEMEN HONORARY SECRETARIES'

STALL, NUMBER FOUR.

WARDMAN, NEILD, AND NORWOOD,
ASSISTED BY

MRS. WARDMAN, MISS SPECK,
MISS NORWOOD, MISS OUTHAIRTE,
MISS ASH.

SUCCESSORS TO
CHILD AND NEILD.

GENERAL DEALERS in every variety of Goods suitable for every class in civilized life. The establishment was first opened during the great Bazaar in 1857. The senior partner in the old firm having retired, the business during the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th inst. will be carried on by the new firm, assisted by a most efficient staff of Ladies, who are determined to dispose of the whole of their Stock of Goods before the end of the week. Members and Subscribers to, and friends of, the Institution in Cookridge Street, are earnestly requested to visit the Honorary Secretaries' Stall, or they may regret having missed the opportunity for investment at most unprecedented low prices.

N.B.—The articles are so miscellaneous, that it would be utterly impossible to publish a catalogue list—an inspection, however, will satisfy the most fastidious that, from the Turtle Dove to the Tobacco-box, every article bears the genuine stamp of purity; and the limited space allotted to the proprietors, compel them to omit any classification. It is therefore necessary that an early visit should be made to secure the results of industry, perseverance, and artistic skill.

STALL, No. 5.

Luxurious slippers here may be seen,
Embroidered with wool, of scarlet and green;
Elegant cushions, for sofa, or chair,
Dolls dress'd in quite gaily, with light, curling hair.
Smoking caps braided in orange and blue,
Made of superfine cloth, rich velvet too.

Expensive you say? Not they I am sure,
Come take one, they really are worthasmuchmore.
However, look round, then surely you'll buy;
All here for sale, to quit them we'll try.
Now of useful things, you'll find at this stall,
Immense is the stock, so come one and all.
Capes, dresses, and pinafores, aprons, skirts,
Suds, collars and cuffs, white handkerchiefs, shirts.

I n fancy goods, knitted, netted, and sewn,
None so surpass us, best make them your own.
S weet flowers from hot-house, garden and wood;
The lily pure white, the blushing rose-bud.
I vory tablets for memory's aid,
These with pencil complete, the best that are made.
U seful brushes, both for toilette and dust,
That are cheap at the price, 20 pence just;
I nkstands, pen-wipers, note-paper, which should
O n all desks be found, plentiful and good.
N ext look at these four stools, work'd with great care,

R ich in bright colours; then look at this chair.
O bserve well this cage of innocent doves,
Y es; are they not charming? Sweet little loves.
A length, for the children there's something nice,
L ittle French bedsteads, and boxes of spice,

B ottles of scent; then to suit people old,
A h here are strong purses for silver and gold.
Z ealous young fingers for a year, more or less,
A t work were engaged to insure our success.
A nd now to all friends, who honour the school-stall,
R ight welcome we give to Victoria Hall.

E. C.

STALL, No. 7.

MISS PENNY, MISS JACKSON, MISS HICK, and MISS HIRST, beg to call attention to their vast and splendid collection of useful and ornamental articles; all of which are marked at prices to suit purchasers. They flatter themselves that an inspection will insure them a very speedy sale of the greater portion of their stock. It comprises, amongst an endless variety of other things,—

A choice assortment of Cabinet Furniture,
An elegant Tea Service,
Numberless requisites for intending housekeepers, including Ironmongery, never before sold at any Bazaar.
Fragrant Portmanteaus, for young couples contemplating a month's travelling.
An immense quantity of Ladies' Wearing Apparel, home made, and of very superior quality.
Baby Linen of every description; long frocks and robes of most costly material and exquisite workmanship.
Gentlemen's Neck-ties, and several very strong Suspenders.

Banquet Screens, Hand Screens, Folding Screens, and Screens of every kind, but nothing that will require to be screened.

For Girls—Dolls of various sizes, elegantly and fashionably dressed.
For Young Ladies—Fortune Tellers, professing wonderful power of sagacity, who will foretell the most important events of life with as much accuracy as snch events have ever been foretold by any of their race.
For small Boys—Bags of Marbles, but no marble bags.
Superb Smoking Caps for nice Young Gentlemen, and sweet Bouquets for their button-holes.

A profusion of splendid Cushions; several most elaborately ornamented Stools, Ottomans, Pincushions, and Work Baskets; together with an endless variety of articles, calculated to contribute to the comfort and happiness of every home, excepting perhaps the "Home" of the "Lyons."

N.B. Every article on this Stall is warranted to be what it really is; and should any purchaser afterwards discover that his purchase is something else, and prove the fact to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee, he will have his money returned to him with interest, and be at full liberty immediately, thereupon, to expend double the amount at this stall in the purchase of other goods for which he may have no occasion. A full and correct statement of the case will also be inserted in the Bazaar Gazette.

* Before using these articles, consult a Clerical friend.

STALL, No. 10.

MRS. LUCCOCK and MRS. BARR beg to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have commenced business at the above address, and have arranged ready for inspection and purchase a large, varied, and magnificent collection of new and fancy Articles, at prices to defy competition.

Being already under notice to quit, the whole must be cleared out in a few days.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!!

Ladies and Gentlemen are entreated not to miss the opportunity now presented to them. An inspection of the Stock is invited, and ladies are invited to give any adequate idea of its beauty and extent!!

The wauis of all comers will be immediately, cheaply, and effectively supplied.

Mrs. Luccock and Mrs. Barr would especially call attention to an elegant and superb Portfolio, in silver-mounted, carved, oak frame; this would form a great addition to a gentleman's library or a drawing room. Also, to several most lovely and novel designs in chairs, screens, cushions, vases, and a host of other articles, which must be seen to be properly appreciated!

The favor of a call is solicited. Come early, and observe the Address.

SCHOOL OF ART STALL.—No. 11.

LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS are respectfully, but very urgently, invited to inspect the collection of Statuary and Pictures at the School of Art Stall, including original water-color paintings, gems of ancient sculpture, modern French and Italian statuettes; bass-reliefs, in bronze, terra-cotta, and marble. Art applied to industry in albums, &c., &c. Embroidery and other productions of fair fingers; carvings in various materials; drawings and prints; photographs and many other graphs, including an autograph letter of John Ruskin, which must form part of any future biography of that great writer; and many other things quaint and curious, that must be seen to be appreciated. Fair prices marked in plain figures. G. H. NUSSEY, Treasurer.

HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, No. 4.

LYRICAL ODE on the Completion of the new Building, Price 1d.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR

BY Her Majesty's Special Command Letters will be despatched from the

POST OFFICE,

To various parts of the Kingdom.

The Office will be open all hours of the day and night.

REFRESHMENTS.

A REFRESHMENT STALL will be placed in the Victoria Hall, where Ladies and Gentlemen can be supplied with Confectionaries, Jellies, Ices, Creams, Custards, Sandwiches, and Choice Wines, &c., &c., and all will be found of the most recherche character.

TEA ROOM (Law Library).

Plain Tea.....	s. d.
Tea with Bread.....	1 0
Cup of Tea or Coffee.....	6 6

LUNCHEON, SUPPER, & REFRESHMENT ROOM, (Barristers' Reading Room).

Dinner or Supper, Cold Meat, Salad, and Cheese.....	s. d.
Plate of Meat, with Bread.....	1 3
Soup, with Bread.....	0 9
Ale.....per Glass.....	0 6
Sandwiches.....each.....	0 2
Wines and Spirits, as per Carte.....	0 4

LADIES' FANCY WORK, of all kinds, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

BERLIN, Fleecy, Shetland, Pyreneese, Lady Bettle, B Andalusian Wools, &c., at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial street.

LADIES' own Materials traced for Braiding, or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

CRESTS, Monograms, &c., designed and adapted for Ladies' Fancy Work, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial street.

LADIES' Fancy Work made up in the best styles, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

MARCELLA and Missin Goods for Braiding or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

I. PICKARD, Designer, Manufacturer, and Importer of Ladies' Fancy Work, 13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR.

Mrs. DAWSON's show Rooms are replete with large, varied, and elegant assortment of PARISIAN NOVELTIES in Millinery Ornaments, Jewellery, &c., specially adapted for the coming Fêtes; which are being offered at very moderate prices. The Millinery, Mantle, and Dressmaking Establishments, 16, Briggate, Leeds.

WILLIAM WINTER,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF

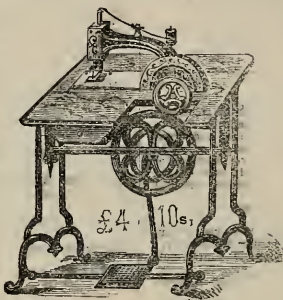
SEWING MACHINES,

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THE CEASELESS DEMAND FOR WINTER'S £4 10s. SEWING MACHINE

Justifies the assertion that it is without exception the cheapest and best in the market. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details of its usefulness, suffice it to say that it makes the lock-stitch, has hemmer and tucker, and all the necessary tools included for £4 10s.

The manufacturer would call special attention to his newly invented & patented machine, which excels all



others for beauty, excellence of finish, *quietness of operation*, and its simplicity, which enables it to be thoroughly cleaned without the removal of a single screw. It will be wholly electro-plated, and mounted on *papier mache* table, supported on a beautifully designed iron framework. In addition to supplying all the requirements of a First-Class Family Sewing Machine, it will be found the

BEST MACHINE FOR THE ORNAMENTATION OF BOOT UPPERS.

DIAGRAMS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

19, UPPERHEAD ROW, LEEDS.

C. A. CLOUGH, Gold and Silversmith, Jeweller, Optician, Clock and Watchmaker, has always on hand a choice selection of

FASHIONABLE JEWELLERY;

Also a large assortment of Electro-Plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruet Frames, Spoons, and Forks, &c., &c.

REPAIRS of all descriptions promptly attended to.

THE ROYAL BOOT DEPOT,
71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

ADVANTAGEOUSLY supplies every description of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Suitable for all purposes.

Note the Address—

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

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LADIES' & CHILDREN'S OUTFITTER,
17, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS,
(Three Doors from the Library.) is now showing the
NEWEST STYLES IN

STRAW AND SATIN HATS,

BONNETS, HOODS, DRESSES, PELISSES,

JACKETS, PINAFORES, ROBES, CLOAKS,

BABY LINEN, LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, CRINOLINES, PETTICOATS, CORSETS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, FEATHERS,

RIBBANDS, PARASOLS, FALLS,

EMBROIDERIES, JACKETS, CHEMISETTES, TIES, BELTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

The cheapest Stock in Leeds. Branch Establishment and Factory, opposite the Old Infirmary.

Price Sixpence.
TEMPLENEWSAM: its History and Antiquities; comprising an account of the Ancient Precinctory of Knights Templars, the baronial houses of Larcy, Lennox, Stuart, and Irwin. Together with an account of the modern mansion, and a catalogue of the most celebrated Pictures. By W. WHEATER.
Printed and published by A. MANN, Central Market, Leeds, and sold by all Booksellers.

Just published, price Sixpence.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO LEEDS AND VICINITY, including Kirkstall Abbey, Bradford, Halifax, Harrogate, Wakefield, &c., with Plan of Leeds, and Chart of Environs.
Leeds: A. MANN, Central Market.

28, DUNCAN STREET, LEEDS.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY,
SILVERSMITH AND JEWELLER.
Respectfully solicits an inspection of his Stock of
ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS, CUTLERY, &c.

SEGARS! SEGARS! SEGARS!

If you want a REALLY GOOD SEGAR, call at T. CARTWRIGHT'S, 51, WOODHOUSE LANE. A very large selection of FANCY PIPES and WALKING STICKS.

GLOVE DEPOT, 62, WOODHOUSE LANE, L. EDS.

WALTER SENIOR solicits an inspection of his extensive Stock of Hosiery, Gloves, Berlin Wool Work, Banner Screens, Slippers, &c. Corsets from 2s. 11d.: Kid Gloves from 11d. per pair. Every size of Children's Hose and Gloves always in stock.

VISITORS TO LEEDS will find a CHOICE STOCK of HOME-MADE BOOTS and SHOES at CHRISTOPHER SCURRAH'S,
6, GREAT GEORGE STREET, six doors from the Exhibition.
Orders promptly attended to.

R. PEVELER, PORTMANTEAU, TRUNK, SAMPLE CASE, and TRAVELLING BAG MANUFACTURER,
145, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

THE NEW THEATRE

FOR THE WEST RIDING.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE,

LEEDS BRIDGE.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, LESSEE AND MANAGER:

MR. COLEMAN.

- OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Will compare favourably with the best in the kingdom, as regards arrangement, taste, and beauty of decoration, luxurious fitting, and all that contributes to the comfort and enjoyment of the audience."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"For convenience, elegance, and completeness, equal to any in the country."—*Times*.

"Worthy of a visit, if only to enjoy the sumptuousness and elegance of the place itself and to admire the richness and profusion of the costumes and the decorations."—*Express*.

"The new Theatre Royal, Phoenix-like, rises up from the ashes of the old one in all the splendour and magnificence of every modern appliance in regard to size, comfort, and space that an artistic taste could suggest, genius embody, and the liberal expenditure of capital culminate to a successful issue."—*Eva*.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE EXHIBITION

with one of the

BEST COMPANIES IN THE KINGDOM.

ON WHIT-MONDAY,

AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

A New Drama, never acted on any stage, and written by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, entitled

FOUL PLAY.

The part of ROBERT PENFOLD, by Mr. COLEMAN.
HELEN ROLLESTON, by Miss HENRIETTA SIMS,
(specially engaged.)

The Piece will be produced under the immediate and general superintendence of the Author, Mr. CHARLES READE.

The stage management and the mise-en-scene, invented by Mr. COLEMAN.

The scenery by Messrs. LENNOX, ROBINSON, and ROBERTSON.

The machinery by Mr. L. JONES.

The cast includes the entire strength of the Company.

Doors Open at Seven; commence at Half-past.

Box Plan, where Tickets and Places may be secured, at Mr. ARCHBOLD RAMSDEN'S, Music Warehouse, Park Row.

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VELVET BEAD WORK, one of the most effective and
durable kinds of Fancy Work, Designed and Manu-
factured at

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THOMAS VERITY, manufacturer of Marble
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Ovens, Ranges, and Fixtures.

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Works, by Steam Power:

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TAILORS, HOSIERS, AND HATTERS,

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All the Novelties in

HOSIERY, HATS, &c.

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7, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

RESPECTFULLY invite Ladies attending the
Royal Bazaar to visit their Establishment and
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MANTLES, FICHU'S, FANCY DRESS MATERIALS,
Suitable for the Season;

BLACK and COLOURED SILKS,

PLAIN and FANCY REPPS, FOUARDS, POPLINS,
ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, CAMLETS,

TACKO CLOTHS, PRINTED CAMBRICS,
EMBROIDERED and TUCKED GORED SKIRTS,

New GIMPS, FRINGES, &c.

MILLINERY HATS, &c.

MOURNING and WEDDING Orders promptly executed.

AGENTS for the European Company's celebrated Lock-
Stitch Sewing Machine—price from 6½ Guinea.

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES

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CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE

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COMBINATION COOKING RANGE,

AND

THE PATENT

ECONOMICAL STOVE GRATE,

The most complete and efficient Stove yet invented.

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TUTE, Cookridge Street.

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CABINET MANUFACTURERS,

UPHOLSTERERS,

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SOUTH PARADE,

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BEG respectfully to solicit an inspection of
their New Business Premises, as above, acknow-
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the country, where may be seen in Stock, and of the best
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HOUSE FURNISHING, &c.

CARPETS OF EVERY MANUFACTURE,

Wholesale and Retail.

Lofty Furniture Store Rooms and }
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(Built expressly for the purpose), }

PARK LANE.

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ON CANVAS,

Finished in Oil by one of the first Artists of the

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WATER COLOUR MINIATURE,

for Brooch or Souvenir.

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LEEDS.

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C H A R L E S P U L L A N ' S
 NOVELTIES IN
J A C K E T S , M A N T L E S ,
 AND
S H A W L S .

THE CENTRAL SHAWL & MANTLE WAREHOUSE,
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

WHEREAS some evil-disposed person, or persons, did, in or about the year 1859, or in or about some other year, remove, steal, or carry away from a room in S. P. in this town, a certain portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness of the late Lord Byron, of great value—to wit, of the value of One Hundred Guineas.

And whereas the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, is now wanted, in order that the same may be offered for sale at and in aid of the funds of the Leeds Royal and Imperial Bazaar.

NOTICE IS THEREFORE HEREBY GIVEN, That whosoever shall give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the said, person, or persons, or to the recovery of the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, shall be entitled to such reward as he may be able to recover, on condition that he spend the full amount thereof at each separate Stall in the said Bazaar. And should the delinquent, or delinquents, himself, or themselves, bring back, restore, engraving, or likeness, and prove to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee that he has or have done no wrong, he or they will be forgiven, and also be entitled to double the reward above-mentioned, but must expend the

same in like manner as the said first above-mentioned reward is directed to be expended.
 AND NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN, That if no such information as aforesaid shall be obtained three days before the publication of this Gazette, and the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, shall not be recovered, restored, brought back, and delivered up, then the person, or persons, first above mentioned will be prosecuted, without any further notice, far beyond the utmost rigour of the law.
 BY ORDER.

ROYAL BAZAAR, VICTORIA HALL, LEEDS.

P R O G R A M M E
 OF PERFORMANCES ON THE GRAND ORGAN,
 BY DR. SPARK,

ON TUESDAY, MAY 26TH, 1868.

At Twelve o'clock, Noon.

- THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.....Dr. J. Bull.
 1. OVERTURE to the Opera "The Syren".....Auber.
 2. SOLO....."Idelaide".....Beethoven.
 3. Recollections of the Romantic Opera "Lurline".....Wallace.
 4. GRAND MARCH, composed in honour of the Royal visit to Leeds, and dedicated by special permission to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.....Wm. Spark.
 5. AIR AND VARIATIONS....."The Harmonious Blacksmith".....Handel.
 6. OVERTURE....."Il Crociato in Egitto".....Meyerbeer.

At Three o'clock.

1. INTRODUCTION, and the "Hero's March".....Mendelssohn.
 2. AIR....."Cups Animam" (Stabat Mater).....Rossini.
 3. OVERTURE to the Opera "Mirella".....Gounod.
 4. ADANTE, from the ninth Symphony.....Mozart.
 5. Recollections of the Grand Opera "Les Huguenots".....Meyerbeer.

At Eight o'clock.

1. OVERTURE to the Opera of "La Cenerentola".....Rossini.
 2. POPULAR ENGLISH SONG....."The Pilgrim of Love".....Bishop.
 3. GRAND MARCH.....Wm. Spark.
 4. Recollections of the English Opera "Maritana".....W. F. Wallace.
 5. THE WEDDING MARCH.....Mendelssohn

SPENCER'S BAND.

PROGRAMME.

- OPENING.....God Save the Queen, and God Bless the Prince of Wales.
 1. OVERTURE....."Il Tancrède".....Rossini.
 2. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ....."Princess Alexandra".....Coote.
 3. SOLO CORNET....."La Chaste Suzanne".....Bosquet.
 4. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ....."Blush Rose".....C. Godfrey.
 5. SOLO CLARINET.....Richardson.
 6. MARCH....."I prophete".....Meyerbeer.
 7. MAZURKA....."Nuitka".....Parizot.
 8. OVERTURE....."La Nozze Di Figaro".....Mozart.
 9. QUADRILLE....."Il Puritani".....Rossini.
 10. SELECTION....."Barbier di Seville".....Rossini.
 11. MARCH AND GALOP, with Bangle Calls....."Rife".....Farnier.
 12. GRAND DOLERO....."Souvenir de Cadix".....Bastida.
 13. WALTZ....."Jillett".....Coote.
 14. SOLO CORNET....."Eclipse Polka".....Koenig.
 15. SELECTION.....Irish Airs.....Fallien.
 SOLOS FOR PICCOLO, CLARINET, CORNET, AND TROMBONE.
 16. WALTZ....."Helena".....F. Godfrey.
 17. GALOP....."Mail Train".....Coote.

OUR FRONTPIECE.

DEAR SIR,

When you applied to me for a frontispiece to the paper, you merely said that you should like me to design something from my head, which might, in some way, illustrate this title, "Leeds Royal

Bazaar Gazette." I supposed the three owls might represent Leeds; a procession of sovereigns, royalty; and a few pretty faces, the labourers in the Bazaar.

Why the Leeds arms appears as you see it, is explained by the accompanying letter.

As to the immense procession of sovereigns; may the committee realise my imaginings.

I should have preferred drawing the stall-holders from the ladies themselves, but had not time. I suppose them, however, to be

"More fair than any mortal things;"

as Park or Mr Ramsden sings; I, therefore, send some heads with wings, with bonnets and with bonnet strings, the fashion of some future springs, when ladies are at home.

Yours truly,

THOS. SUTCLIFFE.

W. J. Neild, Esq.

The College of Heralds may object to my appearing as represented in the frontispiece; but what do I care for the College, or what does the College care for me?

I have had more to do with the "LEEDS ARMS" than Garter himself. Fortune placed me first on the upper story, high above the "STARS," with "SUPPORTERS" on both sides.

From thence I was soon led to consider the "SHEEP" in the "FIELD" below.

Some call it the "FLEECE" and say that it represents the woollen trade of the town.

But what has a sheep's head, tail, and trotters to do with cloth-making? and if it were only a fleece, that would represent the tanners as effectually as the clothiers. But if you would understand any more about fleecing, perhaps you had better consult your lawyer.

I maintain that it is a sheep, and an extraordinary one, too; for what sheep was ever seen in a "FIELD" with a broad gold band round it.

I was no sooner able to read "PRO REGES ET LEGES," than I began to use my wits for the benefit of both. In the first place, I was led to consider that a State coach was a more effectual shield than half a pan lid, so, having procured a vehicle to my mind, I yoked the sheep, stepped inside my carriage, and ordered my supporters to jump up.

During the days your bazaar remains open, I hope to visit the hall several times, and leave with you a number of those European sovereigns which our countrymen so highly esteem.

Yours truly,

JOSSEY HULLARTS.

To the President of the Mechanics' Institution.

Royal Bazaar Gazette.

LEEDS, MAY 26th, 1868.

"Up rouse ye, then, my merry, merry men,
It is our opening day."

AND a day never-to-be-forgotten, and, therefore, long-to-be-remembered as a red letter day in the annals of Leeds, is the opening day of the Royal and Imperial Bazaar—not Royal only, most thinking public, but Imperial also; alike patronised by our own beloved wearer of the regal crown, and the graceful possessor of the imperial diadem.

We open, indeed, under the fairest auspices. Gaze around this fragrant and magnificent hall, gentle reader, and see how Nature bends to adorn one of the masterpieces of Art. See how Flora smiles, and how the happy Flora who are not of the vegetable kingdom smile back again. Behold the wealth of Art spread before you as an intellectual feast, and the still greater munificence of nature, which is an example of generosity to you. But a few short hours since, and Royal rank was disporting here amid the enchantments of youth and beauty; to-day we are assembled again to meet youth and worth and beauty, all the lovelier and more attractive for its royal service in a good cause. We of the editorial race, whose occasional privilege it is to be the humble satellites, and we are always the very sincere worshippers of whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are in good repute, appeal to those who are fellow-worshippers with us to come to this shrine of Nature and Art; and come not with mere lip-service and empty purses, but with full hearts and overflowing exchequers, for here are to be found such a store of beauty's handicraft, and so vast a constellation of the works of genius, that it may never be your privilege to gaze upon the like again. These, most fair ladies and radiant gentlemen, are not the mere vulgar wares which can be found in the shops of ordinary trade, or that may be picked up before the counters of commerce, produced by the gross, and sold by the dozen. Each of these lovely objects have engaged the fair fingers of most bewitching nymphs, been most daintily handled and cared for and beloved, and a source of anxiety for many a day of lasting toil; and all this priceless labour, which no amount of money could have commanded, is now placed within the reach of yourself, gentle reader, for the mere vulgar and earthly consideration of cash down. These objects, ladies and gentlemen, are not contract work, such as you buy in shops, and that have been made by the grudging labourer for his daily bread, with such taste and art power as can be got for a few shillings paid in weekly wages—nothing of that kind will be found here.

What we have to offer you are the productions of most accomplished gentlewomen and gentlemen, whose refined tastes and brilliant abilities have been expended, without count of time or regard for cost, but in loyal sympathy for our good cause, and in order that your wants may be supplied, and your innate good taste be exercised in the purchase of them. Skilled labour may do much; but here alone may be seen what skill and love and labour can do when put upon their mettle, and are deservedly triumphant.

Is there a human being, having the outward aspect of civilization, who can resist the privileges of becoming a proprietor of some of these lovely objects? We believe not. Not the flintiest-hearted bachelor alive but must become mollified into generosity; not the greatest screw but must relax under this ordeal. Our only fear is for the thousands who must necessarily be disappointed, unless they come early and remain late, in the hope of getting a fragment of this matchless collection.

You who read our *Bazaar Gazette* are among our particular friends, and therefore we take you into our especial confidence, and say, the opportunity of a lifetime is before you, don't lose it; buy up all that comes in your way, for there will be a morrow if you do not, that will have to be spent in fruitless sorrow and sighing for the golden chance you lost; whilst if you return laden to your homes this day, you will take sunshine with you and leave it also behind you; and for all future time your houses will be treasure houses of Art, and peopled by delicious thoughts and lovely memories, and your friends will congratulate you on being the happy possessor of choice souvenirs such as can only belong to the noble and gentle ones, that you will thus have proved yourselves to be.

Thrice welcome then to our opening day, and to our fairy show. Come to us laden with the root of all evil, depart when you will, bearing with you the seeds of all good, and leaving with us the burdens you brought in exchange for your light hearts and clear consciences, a happy substitute for you, and a profitable exchange for us, whose greatest delight will be thus to minister to your enlightenment, to your honour and your undoubted advantage.

THIS Journal is launched into existence to supply a pressing want, namely, the not uncommon want of ready money. Its title is sufficiently suggestive—it is conducted in a grand establishment on the broadest principles, without fear or favour, for the attainment of its aim; and this once achieved, it will die away from the literary world as suddenly as its birth is startling.

Leeds has become jubilant. From a condition of comparative quiet and dull

routine, it has merged into splendid action. With the all-bursting life and bloom of this luxuriant springtime, it has bedecked itself in Royal garb. How striking and mighty appears such a transition, coming from an unexcitable and industrial people! But we are led to ask,—whence comes this enthusiasm? Is it caused by some huge fright, or the shaking up and arousing from some long, wearisome lethargy; or is the pulsation of the great heart of this great town quickened by an irresistible love of loyalty, forcing itself out into visible grandeur? Yea, it is even so. A Palace for the infirm has been turned into a Palace of Art. This great National Exhibition has drawn down the benignant favour of Queen Victoria, and other royal Potentates. It has been inaugurated by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—the first born son of that late noble father of our future kings to be. This it is which has startled Leeds into a splendid propriety. But the gorgeous visit of the Prince of Wales is now a 'fete' accomplished; he has seen this great commercial town keep holiday, and he has seen its rapturous welcome by hearing the strength of its lung—the charm his fair Consort, "the Sea-Kings' daughter," would have flung into multitudes, could she have been present also, is a disappointment in the past. The deep mouthed thunder has died away. They are now occupied with other scenes, and the vast heaving throng is scattered. But the Exhibition of Art Treasures remain a feast of reason, charged with a rich flow of soul. Many of the choicest works of the grand old masters are there, in common with the ripest genius of the modern school. Such a magnificent collection, freely contributed from the taste and wealth of this and other nations, can but very seldom be brought together in any generation; hence, its richly deserved popularity, and the eager rush with which multitudes, from all classes will flock to that great Art-banqueting House. But to glorify Hospital wants is not the chief burthen of this article. As truly as there are infirmities of the body, there are real diseases of the mind: much of this latter arising from wide spread ignorance, which leads to inevitable and incalculable vice. To make provision forstopping this vicious element, and to extend a grand, wide, generous sympathy for the improved mental condition of its own people, Leeds has erected the finest Mechanics' Institution building in the kingdom. It is an ornament to any community, and its adaptability to its varied uses is now acknowledged. Its gross cost will be over £20,000, and to remove the remaining debt of about £6,000 is the object of the Royal and Imperial Bazaar, now in full play in the Victoria Hall. The Hall decorations are of the most sumptuous and elaborate character. The objects exhibited for sale are indescribable

for name, number, and novelty. The ladies who have generously provided the stalls with such marvellous objects of beauty, and who gracefully preside, possess, and are surrounded with every kind of fascination. They embrace in their circle much of the beauty and fashion of town and county. Luminous looks, and pleasant words in season wound the hardest and most obdurate, and there is no possible cure, except that of relieving the attack, by penance. It is a right royal sight; the scenes enacted are numerous, varied, and unique; every night is certain to be a bumping benefit, and the money-spending and money-taking power will be without parallel in the history of Bazaars. And what wonder, for in every sense

"Beauty's call,
Rouses the coldest mortal of us all;
A glance warms age itself, and gives the boy,
The pulse of rapture, and the sigh of joy."

Keat's impromptu was well said:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Here are marvels of art, science, and literature, in wondrous combination;—elegant design, coupled with useful appliance;—a little world's fair, containing contributions from foreign Courts and peoples;—a representative assemblage of home style and distant product;—all brought together into one of the finest halls in Europe, to excite the envy and benevolence of a great community anxious to leave the world better than they found it, by stimulating the spread of general intelligence among the masses, and thus elevating the lives of thousands, of necessarily ignoble birth and little advantage. This splendid Bazaar, with all its belongings, is really a severe labour of love. Its promoters and supporters have but one aim, namely, to set free from debt the fine structure in Cookridge-street, and thereby, start it on a career of undoubted prosperity. We are thus contributing to the wealth and of the world, the whole scheme is noble, and deserves all the splendid success it will obtain.

The immediate friends and officers of this great institution feel a deep and abiding gratitude to all the ladies and gentlemen connected with the stalls, for all the generous help they are giving, and it only remains for the public at large to show their appreciation, during the next few days, by giving the undertaking a hearty and willing support. Then the top stone will be put on amidst shouts of rejoicing; indelible footprints on the sands of time will have been made, and a rich and enduring legacy will be handed on for the benefit of many generations to come.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.—*Cicero*.

TRIP TO FURNESS ABBEY,

ON MONDAY, JUNE 22.

It is with sincere pleasure we congratulate the committee of our schools on the selection of Furness for this year's summer trip. It has been the good fortune of many of our fair readers to be of the number who have joined these annual gatherings, and although scenery the most lovely has pleased the eye, and parries the most agreeable have made merry the heart, we think the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, Furness, will stand a favourable comparison even with the picturesque beauties of Bolton, the romantic associations of Roche Abbey, the fairy land of Windermere, or the heights of Abraham and caverns of Matlock. There are few English ruins more imposing in their proportions, charming in their solitude, or affecting in their decay, than what remains of that once noble edifice, the Abbey of St. Mary Furness.

We cannot look upon the statelings of the building, with its chaste and beautiful columns, symmetrical arches, quaint carvings, and elegant tracery, without feeling intense admiration for the spirit which prompted the hearts of our ancestors to devise, and their hands to execute such great and gorgeous temples devoted to the great Creator; and it is sad to reflect that here, upon the now damp and moss-grown floor, worshippers have knelt, generation after generation,—the earnest, the careless, and the indifferent,—dreaming not that in a few centuries the spacious and lofty edifice they were so proud of supporting, would stand as a mere shell, to mark the spot where it once flourished in all its splendour. The Abbey of St. Mary was founded on the 16th of July, 1127, by Stephen, Earl of Moreton, and afterwards King of England. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, as were all the Houses of the Cistercian order. As many of our readers will shortly inspect the ruins of this once magnificent Abbey, a short sketch will be of service to them during their rambles through ruins which speak of the glories of the past.

A very short distance from the railway station is the Abbot's private chapel, near which are two Gothic arches, which mark the entrance of the road from Dalton. The church is built in the form of a cross, and is 301 feet in length and 45 feet in breadth. The Western Tower is of a later date than the rest of the building, and was probably erected in the 15th century. The inside of the tower measures 24 feet by 19 feet. The staircase formed in the wall is in a good state of preservation, and the view from the top will repay the labour of the ascent. The transept dividing the chancel from the body of the church is 129 feet by 28 feet, and the walls of the north transept present numerous indications where alterations have taken place. The chancel was lighted by four elegant windows. The external mouldings of the great chancel window remain and are supported on each side by a crowned head, supposed to represent Stephen, the founder, and Maud, his wife.

On the north-west side of the vale, above the church, was a cemetery with a chapel, all traces of which have now disappeared. Several of the Abbots were buried beneath the floor of the chapter-house.

Passing through a door in the south wall, we step into the vestry, and advancing find ourselves in the south transept, noting the niches in the pillars of the side chapel for the reception of lamps to light the monks to early devotions; the flight of steps by which they entered from the dormitory still remaining. The conventual buildings include the chapter-house, a four-sided room 60 by 48 feet, (here the Lord Abbot sat in state on high official occasions, and here the busi-

ness transactions of the community were transacted;) the library, refectory, dormitory, cloisters, guest hall, and the infirmary. From the remains of the secular buildings, a footpath leads to the summit of an eminence through which the railway is tunnelled, where an excellent bird's-eye view is obtained of the abbey and its domain.

Here we will suppose the visitor to rest, and meditate upon the scene which lies before him, the centre of attraction being "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection," the remnant of that creation of ecclesiastical masonry, which, when it had almost come to its perfection, was checked and despoiled, and its ritual and revenues swept away, by the great religious convulsions that took place throughout the whole of this kingdom and the greater part of Europe.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

WHILE the breast of every loyal subject of Her Majesty the Queen is fired with indignation at the cowardly attack on the life of the Duke of Edinburgh, extracts from two private letters to the Editor, will be of uninteresting to our numerous readers. The writer of the first letter emigrated from Leeds fifteen years ago.

"The papers will tell you all about the attempt, assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh, the topic which of late has filled everybody's mouth to the exclusion of every other. We are all in great fear that it will prejudice people at home against us, and make them think we are really a community of convict cut-throats. But if you could have witnessed the indignation the attempt has evoked, you would have given us credit for more loyalty than any convict could obliterate."

The following is from an Australian lady:—

"Melbourne, March 29, 1868.
"You will have heard, before receiving this letter, of the Prince being shot. All the people in Victoria are very angry at it. I think it was disgraceful, for the poor Prince has made himself so very agreeable to all classes."

Doct's Corner.

HOPE.

Why clings the drowning mariner to life,
Why doth he clasp that scarcely floating spar,
Why doth he battle with the ocean's strife,
No succour near him and the land afar?

Why?—for there lives a spark within his breast,
That brightly shines while all around is drear;
Whose light must glimmer until death arrest,
And stay its burning with his life's career.

That light is Hope, with this unquenched, he dares
To match his force against the billows' ire;
And vainly looks to Heaven and pours his prayers,
Whose sounds unheard among the winds expire.

Mistaken wreath! Why thus prolong thy woe?
The tempest drives thee further from the shore,
How better for thee if thou could'st but know
That thou wilt tread the wished for land no more.

For then thy misery at once would end,
Thy loosen'd grasp would bid the raft go free—
One gust the waters over thee would send,
One struggle, and thy spirit would be free!

But hoping on, the storm shall die away,
And on the deep no ripple shall be seen;
And not a zephyr on its breast shall play,
And long drear hours shall seem an age between.

And on the bosom of the sluggish deep,
Each day shall nip thy cheek and glaze thine eye;
Till hunger wrap thee in its torpid sleep,
And screaming sea-birds gnaw thee ere thou die.

Oh, specious hope! creator of such ill,
Thy victim's far outnumber those of war;
Thy slaughter's history shall a volume fill,
Than that of glory battles ponderous more.

That thou thy pleasures share, oh, tell me not,
They are the bait that hides the fatal snare;
They are the flowers that blossom o'er the spot
Where deadly venom wily aaps prepare.

J. E. N.

CHLORIS.

'Twas morn : I marked the landscape wide
The orient sun beamed gloriously
But Chloris stood on sudden by my side,—
I gazed no more,
Moro's charms were o'er,
For cloudless sun is radiant less than she.

'Twas noon : A thousand flowers exhaled
Their odours, and their hues displayed,
But Chloris came : the rose's tincture paled
And nadow grew
The lily too,
And drooping, all the best began to fade.

'Twas night : In Heaven's o'erstudded blue
Shone diamond in-tre from each star;
But as I looked, fair Chloris met my view :
Her eyes alone
Themselves, outshone
Stars' purest ray, or brightest glitter far.

J. E. N.

ART AND NATURE.

Art and nature strove one day,
Quite in a kind and friendly way,
Without a thought of harm,
To see a point of beauty :—
Which of them held the palm ?

Art a stately column raised,
Which many a critic keen had praised,
All wrought in marble fine;
And round and round a wreath was carved
Of Ivy, and the vine.

Then nature took an old grey stone,
With moss and lichens overgrown,
All gemmed with heaven's dew;
Which of them held the palm, my friends ?
To say, I leave to you.

EPSILON DELTA.

THE LILACS BY THE WINDOW.

How sweetly breaks the bright May morn,
How fair the face of nature seems !
When though the woodlands softly steal
The sun's bright cheering beams.
How fresh the air, how sweet the scent,
That floats about the room;
How pleasant to behold again
The lilacs in their bloom.

Beside the window, near the lane,
They blush at early morn,
When first the music of the birds
Upon the air is borne;
When dew-drops linger on the grass,
And gem each leafy spray,
Till by the growing warmth dispelled
They quickly pass away.

Just now the soft-billed "Jenny Wren"
Is perched on yonder bow,
And calls unto her loving mate,
To accents soft and low.
The "Black Cap" in the pink thorn bush—
Half hid the leaves among,
In broken snatches, soft and clear,
Sends forth his pleasant song.

Yea, everything tells of the May,
Of sunshine, and of flowers;
Of sylvan nooks, and laughing streams,
Of bright and happy hours.
Dame Nature wears her brightest hues
On leaf, and flower, and tree;
Yet the lilacs by the window,
Are sweetest far to me.

J. W. ECCLES.

TO MARY —.

BY A BOY OF THIRTEEN.

THINE eyes are like those shining orbs,
That glid th' ethereal sky;
That glitter in th' expansive arch,
As on they roll on high.

Like stars! dear one,—I wrong thee much,—
Stars never shone so bright;
Compeer'd with thine, the brightest ray
The sun e'er shed was night.

The rose's bloom is on thy cheek;
But, ah! the flow'ry quaco
May hide her head, for on her leaves
Such hues were never seen.

Thy lovely lips, the coral tries
Their colour to obtain;
Fruitless its efforts, for, alas!
It tries, but 'tis in vain.

Thy glossy ringlets—I must stop,
A simile I want;
Medusa's turned who look'd to stone;—
But thine melts adamant.

The Young Ladies' Corner.

FEMALE COURTESY.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three noes when he bids you say "yes,"
Two or three smiles when you utter the "no,"
Two or three frowns if he offers to go,
Two or three laughs when asray for small chat,
Two or three tears, though you can't tell for what,
Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done,
Two or three dances to make you jocosé,
Two or three hours in a corner sit close,
Two or three stances when he bids you clope,
Two or three glances to intimate hope,
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three swoonings to let him press on,
Two or three sobs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three lumps when the chaplain appears,
Two or three squeezes when the band's given away,
Two or three coughs when you come to "oley."

Love which springs from impulse is short lived.
It is born of novelty, and with the wane of excite
ment dies. It is engendered more in the eyes than
from the heart, and has more to do with form and
motion than with abiding principles. It is, how-
ever, the common love,—a flower smiling in the
sunshine, but beautiful in the storm. It has none
of the clinging ivy nature of affection which takes
deepest root in and by barren places, and twines
most tenderly amid the tempest and the frost.
Love, in the impulsive state, is without judgment;
is blind, headstrong, and often mad. Affection that
is based upon a just appreciation of qualities to be
respected and admired grows ripier and mellow
until life ceases.

AN EXQUISITE JOKE.—A dandy at Dover was
lipping out his wish to cross to Calais, "but," said
he, "I am terribly afraid of the consequences, should
there be a heavy sea." "You may be sure there
will," said a bystander, "if you go, for there will
be a great 'swell' in the channel."

THE OTHER IMPEDIMENT.—A handsome young
Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow in
Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration
with an allusion to two impediments to their union.
"Name them," said the widow. "The want of
means to set up a retail store." They parted, and
the widow sent the pedlar a cheque for ample
means. When they met again the pedlar had hired
and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one
begged to know the other impediment. "I have
another wife!" cried the dealer.

VISIBLE SIGN.—At a recent examination of girls
in Cheshire for the rite of confirmation, in answer
to the question, "What is the outward and visible
sign and form in baptism?" The reply was, "The
baby, sir."

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable
of love. Let the woman beware of the man who
owns that he loves no one but himself.—*Prince
Talleyrand.*

DOCTOR HALE was very partial to the society of
ladies, with whom he was generally a great favourite,
and kept up a continual correspondence with several.
He expressed great value for the general character
of the sex. It was his opinion that women gener-
ally, much excel men in constancy, and that they
are less influenced by personal appearances in their
attachments; and he thought they would be in
several respects superior to men if they had the
same advantages of education. He disliked sen-
timental young ladies, and said he had made the
remark that they had generally less refinement than
those who made no formal pretension to it.

TEST OF LOVE.—A gentleman followed a lady
one day, and having constantly and very rudely
looked at her, she said to him, "Why do you follow
me?" "Because," he replied, "I have fallen in
love with you." "Why are you in love with me?"
she retorted; "my sister, who is coming after me,
is much handsomer than I am: go and make love
to her." The gentleman went back, and met her
sister, who was very ugly. Disappointed and angry,
he returned to the first lady, saying, "Why did you
tell me a story?" "Neither did you speak the
truth," answered the lady; "for, if you were in
love with me, why did you go after another?"
The remark deprived him of the power of reply.

A DEAF and dumb person being asked to give
his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote:—
"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when
trampled upon."

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.—Love is the shadow of
the morning, which decreases as the day advances.
Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which
strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fon-
taine.*

ORIGIN OF KISSING.—Pliny, in his Natural His-
tory, says that Cato was of opinion that the use
of kissing first began between kinsmen and kin-
women, however nearly allied or far off, only to
know, by kissing, whether their wives, daughters,
or nieces had tasted any vice.

The Bachelors' Corner.

WHEN I see leaves drop from the trees in the
beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the
friendship of the world. While the sap of main-
tenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but
in the winter of my need they leave me naked. He
is a happy man who hath a true friend in his need;
but he is more truly happy who hath no need of
friends.

FONTENELLE'S GALLANTRY.—At the age of 97,
Fontenelle, after saying many amiable and gallant
things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius,
passed before her to his place at table. "See," said
Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your
gallantries; you said before me without looking at
me, 'Madame,' said the old man, 'if I looked
at you, I could not have passed.'"

THE TRUE BREAD OF KNOWLEDGE.—The man
of robust and healthy intellect gathers the harvest
of literature into his barns, thrashes the straw, win-
nows the grain, grinds it at his own mill, bakes it
in his own oven, and then eats the true bread of
knowledge.

GETTING THE BETTER OF ANY ONE.—There is an
essential meanness in the wish to get the better of
any one. The only competition worthy a wise man
is with himself.

A MISER, who was asked why he had married a
girl from his own kitchen, said that the union was
attended with a double advantage—it saved him not
only the expenses of a wife, but the taxes on a
servant.

MATRIMONIAL HINTS.—When you are a married man give short answers to your wife, for least said is soonest mended. When your wife is in a passion, fly into one yourself, remembering that the best way to stop a fire in the woods or grass ground is to kindle another to meet it, and thus extinguish the whole.

THE greater part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.—*De la Bruyere.*

THE POWER OF INTemperance.—It drives wit out of the head, money out of the pocket, wine out of the bottle, elbows out of the coat, and health out of the body.

A LOCAL journal says that the commissioners of that town, at their last meeting, decided "that so long as the ladies robed themselves in dresses of such extraordinary length, there was no occasion to employ men to sweep the streets."

It is one of the common errors of mankind to think that the possession of something which they cannot attain would greatly increase their happiness.

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.—How often do we see a lady who cannot walk, cannot rise in the morning, cannot tie her bonnet strings, faints if she has to lace her boots, never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair, would not for the world prick her finger with plain sewing, but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's wool shepherdess, dance like a dervish in a crowded ball room, and whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's house, and she cannot think how people can endure the climate, can yet go out to dinner parties in February and March with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of bodice.

A YANKEE editor says it is the most uncomfortable thing in the world to be seated between two beautiful girls—one with black eyes, jet ringlets, and snowy neck—the other with soft blue eyes, sunny ringlets, red cheeks and lip—both laughing and talking to you at the same time.

AN AFFECTIONATE FATHER.—A gentleman connected with the Indian army returned after an absence of ten years. Immediately on meeting with his father, "Janie," said the old gentleman, "ye've just been out ten years, how muckle ha ye made?" "Five hundred thousand pounds," was the reply. "Ye should ha'e stayed iiber ten years, and made the million."

READY.—A young man stepped into a book-store, and said he wanted to get "A Young Man's Companion." "Well, sir, said the bookseller, "Here's my daughter."

HOW TO LOOK YOUNG.—How is it that some men thought to be so old. Look still so young; whilst others known to be so young, must still look old? The cause lies frequently within themselves. Mr. Rant one; on being asked the secret, said, "I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; and never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents my indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never tears being eaten up alive." But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of all of lasting youth, "a kind unenvious heart." Envy can dig as deeply in the human face as time itself.

A FACT—A HINT TO BACHELORS.—A few days ago a gentleman, from a life assurance company, called upon a bachelor in this town, and asked him to insure his life. but the bachelor having few relatives, and no wife in prospective, coolly informed him that it was unnecessary to make any provision for the future, therefore respectfully declined subscribing to the maintenance of a future generation. "Well," said the man of insurance, and with much assurance, "if you will insure in our office for £500 or £1000. I will undertake to introduce you to a most eligible lady, who will be the pride of your life and a comfort to you in declining age." What a tempting offer to a poor solitary bachelor?

THE DOG COLLAR.

By J. E. N.

THAT is to say, it looked like a dog-collar, only it was a good deal stronger than dog-collars generally are made, and instead of fastening with a staple through which a padlock could be passed, it seemed to have been intended to be closed with rivets—and, indeed, had obviously been so closed, but the rivets were broken, as if somebody had taken compassion on the dog and had set him free with a determined hand; for the collar, though thick, was a little bent; as if the liberator had quite made up his mind to the task. There was a large ring attached to the collar, and two or three links of a very thick chain had been left hanging from the ring. The collar was very bright, and so was the bit of chain; and it could not help attracting your attention, for it hung in a little glazed cabinet, as if it had a history all to itself, and the cabinet stood upon a pedestal of quartz in a corner of my friend's study, or, as he used to call it, his "den."

My friend is a mining manager. He has been connected with the mining interest ever since he has been in the colony. He has done nothing but mine, and (unlike a good many people in the gold-digging business) he understands all about it, has made money at it, and could at this moment retire from all connection with it with a clear ten thousand pounds. I made his acquaintance four years ago, under circumstances which need not here be narrated, since they have no necessary connection with this present history.

When I first saw the dog-collar in his "den," I said, "That is a remarkable dog-collar. I suppose it belonged to a favourite dog, and so you keep it as a souvenir?"

"Yes," he said, "it is remarkable, and I keep it as a souvenir."

And so for a time I had no further conversation with him on the subject. But as I became more intimate with him, the curiosity to know more about it grew stronger within me, although ordinarily I am quite the reverse of curious. If he had told me that it had belonged to a favourite dog, I should probably have said no more about it; but he never did say so. I could see that he did not wish to pursue the subject further, and so I made up my mind I would pursue it.

My friend was a bachelor, and is yet; but his house was—and also is—a very model of cosy comfort. It is quite a mistake to suppose that bachelors do not understand domestic comfort, and his house is a practical refutation of the belief that they do not. I am going to describe it after the manner of your poetic auctioneers, but if you take his den as the key-note of his house, you will have a tolerably correct notion of how he surrounded himself with sources of pleasant enjoyment. His den, then, was a compact little room eighteen feet by twenty-four, having a window, which served also as a door, looking into the prettiest bit of garden you can imagine, at the end of which was a green padock, in which a sleek Alderney cow led a life of unchequered enjoyment. The walls of the den were lined with cedar bookcases, between which were blackwood pedestals supporting marble busts of the illustrious dead, and having inscribed in gilt characters upon their front some leading passage from their writings. Below the cornice of the wall, and, indeed, wherever there was an indication of a bordering, there were mottoes and proverbs inscribed—legend fashion—and rendered still more interesting by the rare skill of the modern illuminator's art. From the centre of the ceiling hung a lamp of curious mediæval pattern, shedding a soft light

upon the library table below, which was covered with books, papers, and scientific instruments arranged in perfect order. An arm chair of blackwood, covered with rich purple velvet, stood against the table, and on each side of the open fire-place lined with encaustic tiles, was a chair fashioned like the one described.

"I have only two chairs beside my own in my den," said Lindsay, "for I do not care to have a crowd in it. So, when I have more than two friends to see me at the same time, I adjourn into the drawing-room, and it is only those for whom I have a strong regard that I care to bring into my den."

As I happened to be sitting on one of the two other chairs at that moment, I rose and bowed in acknowledgement of the implied compliment.

"Yes," he said, "you may regard yourself as one of the few men I really care for. They can be counted on the fingers of one hand."

And then he relapsed into silence, and sat looking at the big, bright wood fire, that glowed in the wide fire-place and threw a warm mellow light through the room. It might be fancy, but at that moment the dog-collar in the cabinet seemed to glitter with especial resplendency, and it almost made my eyes wink to look at it.

"I wish you would tell me the history of that dog-collar," I said. "I know there is a history connected with it."

"Yes, there is a dreadful history, known only to myself. I would rather not tell it; and I have often determined to put the collar out of sight, for it only excites people's curiosity. Generally I flatly refuse to satisfy the inquiries my friends make of me respecting it; but, curiously enough, to-day is the anniversary of the event with which that collar is associated. I will tell you the story."

So he put more wood upon the fire—it was a cool night in June—turned up the lamp; and, lighting a cigar—being a bachelor it did not signify about the tobacco smell, you know—told me what follows:—

"Eleven years ago I was a red-shirted digger on Barker's Creek. My mate was a fellow passenger, named Ashworth. We had been great friends on the voyage; and, long before the ship reached Hobson's Bay, we had arranged to work together in the search for gold. His singularity of manner, I think, attracted me; for, judged by the ordinary canons of polite behaviour, he was the reverse of attractive. But I have always liked exceptional people, and so I liked him. Perhaps, too, I was somewhat influenced in my preference of him from the knowledge that he had conceived a strong regard for me. He was strangely unselfish, and obviously well informed; but his manner at first was taciturn and almost gloomy. He seemed to shun, rather than court, society; but the opportunity of close intimacy afforded by ship-board experience, enabled me to penetrate the crust of his reserve; and I found a good-hearted but wild-passioned man beneath it. He told me he had ventured his all in coming out to the diggings; but that he would have ventured a hundred thousand times as much if possible, for that he was engaged to the best and most beautiful girl in the world, who was ready to follow him to Australia as soon as ever he could ask her to do so; and who would have willingly accompanied him hither if he had permitted her. He had been educated to the bar, but, having no private fortune, and the peculiarity of his manner being adverse to his quick success, he had abandoned the practice of his profession until he should acquire means sufficient to be independent of it. His purpose, therefore, was to return to England as soon as his good luck should help him to this result. Meantime his betrothed was ready to join him here if he should express the least wish for her to do so.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Royal Bazaar Gazette.

No. 2.

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

MAY 27TH, 1868.

STALL, No. 2.

THE LADIES presiding at Stall, No. 2, have collected with unflagging energy, and produced with a total disregard of cost, an assortment of articles of such exquisite beauty and taste, combined with unquestionable utility, as will utterly defy competition. This varied Stock they have determined to clear out at reasonable prices, thus recognizing a principle quite novel in Bazaar enterprise: at the same time equitably serving the great cause of literature and education and largely benefiting their customers.

Confident in the manifold attractions of their Stall, the Ladies would not wish to be thought importunate, but only request that their Stock may be seen, when insatiable longings, for some of the choice articles displayed, are sure to follow.

With their possession, the enjoyment shall not end, for a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and, even in sleep, the remembrance of Stall, No. 2, and its many glories, shall steal o'er them like "the soft, sweet, exquisite music of a dream."

N.B.—Trusting to a discerning and discriminating public, the Ladies of the above Stall feel sure that they have done their duty, and it only remains for their numerous friends to support them in their praiseworthy undertaking.

Neighbours and friends, both young and old,

To NUMBER 2 repair.

Bring purses filled with notes and gold,

And freely spend it there.

GENTLEMEN HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, NUMBER FOUR.

WARDMAN, NEILD, AND NORWOOD,

ASSISTED BY

MRS. WARDMAN,

MISS NORWOOD,

MISS ASH,

MISS SPECK,

MISS OUTHAITE.

SECESSORS TO

CHILD AND NEILD.

GENERAL DEALERS in every variety of Goods suitable for the class of civilised life. The establishment was first opened during the Great Bazaar in 1859. The senior partner in the old firm having retired, the business during the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th inst. will be carried on by the new firm, assisted by a most efficient staff of Ladies, who are determined to dispose of the whole of their Stock of Goods before the end of the week. Members and Subscribers to, and the public, in Cocking Street, are earnestly requested to visit the Honorary Secretaries' Stall, or they may regret having missed the opportunity for investment at most unprecedented low prices.

N.B.—The articles are so miscellaneous, that it would be utterly impossible to publish a catalogued list—an inspection, however, will satisfy the most fastidious that, from the Turtle Dove to the Tobacco-box, every article bears the genuine stamp of purity; and the limited space allotted to the proprietors, compel them to omit any classification. It is, therefore, necessary that an early visit should be made to secure the results of industry, perseverance, and artistic skill.

STALL, No. 5.

Luxurious slippers here may be seen,
Embroided with wool, of scarlet and green;
Elegant cushions, for sofa, or chair,
Dolls dress'd quite gaily, with light, curling hair.
S. moking caps braided in orange and blue,

Made of superfine cloth, rich velvet too.
Expensive you say? Not they I am sure,
Cost a trifle, they really are worth as much more.
However, look round, then surely you'll buy;
A. H. here are for sale, to quit them we'll try.

Now of useful things, you'll find at this stall,
Immense is the stock, so come one and all.
Capes, dresses, and pinafores, aprons, skirts,
S. tuds, collars and cuffs, white handkerchiefs, shirts.

I n fancy goods, knitted, netted, and sewn,
None can surpass us, best make them your own.
S. weet flowers from hot-house, garden and wood;
T he lily pure white, the blushing rose-bud.

I vory tablets for memory's aid,
These with pencil complete, the best that are made.
U seful brushes, both for toilette and dust,
T hat are cheap at the price, 20 pence just.

I nkstands, pen-wipers, note-paper, which should
O n all desks be found, plentiful and good.
N ext look at these foot-stools, work'd with great care

R ich in bright colours; then look at this chair.
O bserve well this cage of innocent doves,
Y es; are they not charming? Sweet little loves.
A t length, for the children there's something nice,
L ittle French bedsteads, and boxes of spice,

B ottles of scent; then to suit people old,
A h here are strong purses for silver and gold.
Z ealous young fingers for a year, more or less,
A t work were engaged to insure our success.

A nd now to all friends, who honour the school-stall,
R ight welcome we give to Victoria Hall.

E. C.

STALL, No. 7.

MISS PENNY, MISS JACKSON, MISS HICK, and MISS HIRST, beg to call attention to their vast and splendid collection of useful and ornamental articles; all of which are marked at prices to suit purchasers. They flatter themselves that an inspection will insure them a very speedy sale of the greater portion of their stock. It comprises, amongst an endless variety of other goods—

A choice assortment of Cabinet Furniture.
An elegant Tea Service.

Numerous requisites for intending housekeepers, including Ironmongery, never before sold at any Bazaar.

Magical Portmanteaus, for young couples contemplating a month's travelling.

An immense quantity of Ladies' Wearing Apparel, home made, and of very superior quality.

Baby Linen of every description; long frocks and robes of most costly material and exquisite workmanship.

Gentlemen's Neck-ties, and several very strong Suspender.

Banneret Screens, Hand Screens, Folding Screens, and Screens of every kind, but nothing that will require to be screened.

For Girls—Dolls of various sizes, elegantly and fashionably dressed.

For Young Ladies—Fortune Tellers, professing wonderful power and sagacity, who will foretell the most important events of life, such as match agency, as such events have ever been foretold by any of their race.

For small Boys—Bags of Marbles, but no marble bags.
Superb Smoking Caps for nice Young Gentlemen, and sweet Equivocs for their button-holes.

A profusion of splendid Cushions; several most elaborately ornamented Stools, Ottomans, Pincushions, and Work Baskets; together with an endless variety of articles, calculated to contribute to the comfort and happiness of every home, excepting perhaps the "Home" of the "Lyons."

N.B. Every article on this Stall is warranted to be what it really is; and should any purchaser afterwards discover that his purchase is something else, he will prove the fact to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee, he will have his money returned to him with interest, and be at full liberty immediately, thereupon, to expend double the amount at this stall in the purchase of other goods for which he may have no occasion. A full and correct statement of the case will also be inserted in the Bazaar Gazette.

• Before using these articles, consult a Clerical friend.

STALL, No. 10.

MRS. LUCCOCK and MRS. BARR beg to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have commenced business at the above address, and have arranged ready for inspection and purchase a large, varied, and magnificent collection of useful and fancy Articles, at prices to defy competition.

Being already under notice to quit, the whole must be cleared out in a few days.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!!

Ladies and Gentlemen are entreated not to miss the opportunity now presented to them. An inspection of the Stock in hand will alone suffice to give any adequate idea of its beauty and extent!

The wants of all comers will be immediately, cheaply, and effectively supplied.

Mrs. Luccock and Mrs. Barr would especially call attention to an elegant and superb Portfolio, in silver-mounted, carved, oak frame; this would form a great addition to a gentleman's library or a drawing room. Also, to several most lovely and novel designs in chairs, screens, cushions, vases, and a host of other articles, which must be seen to be properly appreciated!

The favor of a call is solicited. Come early, and observe the Address.

SCHOOL OF ART STALL—No. 11.

LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS are respectfully, but very urgently, invited to inspect the collection of Statuary and Pictures at the School of Art Stall, including original water-color paintings, gems of ancient sculpture, modern French and Italian statues; bass-reliefs, in bronze, terra-cotta, and marble. Art applied to industry in dresses, &c., &c. Embroidery and other productions of fair fingers; carvings in various materials; drawings and prints; photographs and many other graphs, including an autograph letter of John Ruskin, which must form part of any future biography of that great writer; and many other things quaint and curious, that must be seen to be appreciated. Fair prices marked in plain figures. G. H. NUSSEY, Treasurer.

HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, No. 4. LYRICAL ODE on the Completion of the Building. Price 1d.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR

BY Her Majesty's Special Command Letters will be despatched from the

POST OFFICE,

To various parts of the Kingdom.

The Office will be open all hours of the day and night.

REFRESHMENTS.

A REFRESHMENT STALL will be placed in the Victoria Hall, where Ladies and Gentlemen can be supplied with Confectionaries, Jellies, Ices, Creams, Custards, Sandwiches, and Choice Wines, &c., &c., and all will be found of the most *recherché* character.

TEA ROOM (Law Library).

Tea	s. d.
Plum Cake with Bread	1 6
Cup of Tea or Coffee	0 6

LUNCHEON, SUPPER, & REFRESHMENT ROOM, (Barristers' Robing Room).

Dinner or Supper	s. d.
Dinner or Supper	1 6
Plum Cake with Bread	1 6
Soup, with Bread	0 6
Ale	per Glass 0 3
Sandwiches	each 0 6
Wines and Spirits, as per Carte	

LADIES' FANCY WORK, of all kinds, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

B. BERLIN, Fleecy, Shetland, Pyrene, Lady Bettle, Andalusian Wools, &c., at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' own Materials traced for Braiding, or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

C. RESTS, Monograms, &c., designed and adapted for Ladies' Fancy Work, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' Fancy Work made up in the best styles, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

MARCELLA and Muslin Goods for Braiding or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

I. PICKARD, Designer, Manufacturer, and Importer of Ladies' Fancy Work, 13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR.

Mrs. DAWSON'S Show Rooms are replete with a large, varied, and elegant assortment of PARISIAN NOVELTIES in Millinery. Ornaments, Jewellery, &c., specially adapted for the coming Fête, which are being offered at very moderate prices. The Millinery, Mantle, and Dressmaking Establishment, 16, Briggate, Leeds.

WILLIAM WINTER,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF

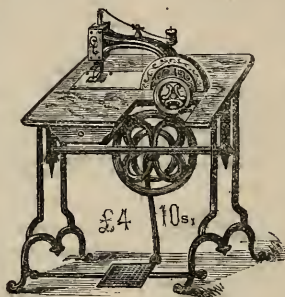
SEWING MACHINES,

7, SOUTH BROOK STREET, HUNSLET LANE, LEEDS.

THE CEASELESS DEMAND FOR WINTER'S £4 10s. SEWING MACHINE

Justifies the assertion that it is without exception the cheapest and best in the market. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details of its usefulness, suffice it to say that it makes the lock-stitch, has hammer and tucker, and all the necessary tools included for £4 10s.

The manufacturer would call special attention to his newly invented & patented machine, which excels all



others for beauty, excellence of finish, *quietness of operation*, and its simplicity, which enables it to be thoroughly cleaned without the removal of a single screw. It will be wholly electro-plated, and mounted on *papier mache* table, supported on a beautifully designed iron framework. In addition to supplying all the requirements of a First-Class Family Sewing Machine, it will be found the

BEST MACHINE FOR THE ORNAMENTATION OF BOOT UPPERS.

DIAGRAMS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

19, UPPERHEAD ROW, LEEDS.

C. A. CLOUGH, Gold and Silversmith, Jeweller, Optician, Clock and Watchmaker, has always on hand a choice selection of

FASHIONABLE JEWELLERY;

Also a large assortment of Electro-Plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruet Frames, Spoons, and Forks, &c., &c.

REPAIRS of all descriptions promptly attended to.

THE ROYAL BOOT DEPOT,

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

ADVANTAGEOUSLY supplies every description of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

suitable for all purposes.

Note the Address—

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

H. ROGERS,

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S OUTFITTER,
17, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS,
(Three Doors from the Library,) is now showing the
NEWEST STYLES IN

STRAW AND SATIN HATS,

BONNETS, HOODS, DRESSES, PELISSES,

JACKETS, PINAFORES, ROBES, CLOAKS,

BABY LINEN, LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, CRINOLINES, PETTICOATS, CORSETS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, FEATHERS,

RIBBANDS, PARASOLS, FALLS,

EMBROIDERIES, JACKETS, CHEMISETTES, TIES, BELTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

The cheapest Stock in Leeds. Branch Establishment and Factory, opposite the Old Infirmary.

Price Sixpence.
TEMPLENEWSAM: its History and Antiquities; comprising an account of the Ancient Precinctory of Knights Templars, the baronial houses of Larcy, Lennox, Stuart, and Irwin. Together with an account of the modern mansion, and a catalogue of the most celebrated Pictures. By W. WHEATER. Printed and published by A. MANN, Central Market, Leeds, and sold by all Booksellers.

Just published, price Sixpence.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO LEEDS AND VICINITY, including Kirkstall Abbey, Bradford, Halifax, Harrogate, Wakefield, &c., with Plan of Leeds, and Chart of Environs.

Leeds: A. MANN, Central Market.

28, DUNCAN STREET, LEEDS.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY,
SILVERSMITH AND JEWELLER,
Respectfully solicits an inspection of his Stock of
ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS, CUTLERY, &c.

SEGARS! SEGARS! SEGARS!

IF you want a **REALLY GOOD SEGAR**, call at T. CARTWRIGHT'S, 51, WOODHOUSE LANE. A very large selection of FANCY PIPES and WALKING STICKS.

GLOVE DEPOT, 62, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.

WALTER SENIOR solicits an inspection of his extensive Stock of Hosiery, Gloves, Berlin Wool Work, Banner Screens, Slippers, &c. Corsets from 2s. 11d.; Kid Gloves from 11d. per pair. Every size of Children's Hose and Gloves always in stock.

VISITORS TO LEEDS will find a **CHOICE STOCK OF HOME-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES** at **CHRISTOPHER SCURRAH'S**, 6, GREAT GEORGE STREET, six doors from the Exhibition.

Orders promptly attended to.

R. PEVELER, PORTMANTEAU, TRUNK, SAMPLE CASE, AND TRAVELLING BAG MANUFACTURER,

145, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

THE NEW THEATRE

FOR THE WEST RIDING.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE,

LEEDS BRIDGE.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, LESSEE AND MANAGER:

MR. COLEMAN.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Will compare favourably with the best in the kingdom, as regards arrangement, taste, and beauty of decoration, luxurious fitting, and all that contributes to the comfort and enjoyment of the audience."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"For convenience, elegance, and completeness, equal to any in the country."—*Times*.

"Worthy of a visit, if only to enjoy the sumptuousness and elegance of the place itself and to admire the richness and profusion of the costumes and the decorations."—*Express*.

"The new Theatre Royal, Phoenix-like, rises up from the ashes of the old one in all the splendour and magnificence of every modern appliance in regard to size, comfort, and space that an artistic taste could suggest, genius embody, and the liberal expenditure of capital culminate to a successful issue."—*Era*.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE EXHIBITION

with one of the

BEST COMPANIES IN THE KINGDOM.

ON WHIT-MONDAY,

AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

A New Drama, never acted on any stage, and written by Charles Reade and Dion Boucault, entitled

FOUL PLAY.

The part of ROBERT PENFOLD, by Mr. COLEMAN.
HELEN ROLLESTON, by Miss HENRIETTA SIMS,
(specially engaged.)

The Piece will be produced under the immediate and general superintendence of the Author, Mr. CHARLES READE.

The stage management and the mise-en-scene, invented by Mr. COLEMAN.

The scenery by Messrs. LENNOX, ROBINSON, and EGERTON.

The machinery by Mr. L. JONES.

The cast includes the entire strength of the Company.

Doors Open at Seven; commence at Half-past.

Box Plan, where Tickets and Places may be secured, at Mr. ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN'S, Music Warehouse, Park Row.

VELVET BEAD WORK PINCUSHIONS,
at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Watch Pockets, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Bed Pockets, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Banner Screens, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Hand Banners, at I. PICKARD'S,
13 Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work, Wholesale, Retail, or Export, at
I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

VELVET BEAD WORK, one of the most effective and
durable kinds of Fancy Work, Designed and Manu-
factured at

I. PICKARD'S,

13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THOMAS VERITY, manufacturer of Marble
Mantle Pieces, Columns, Monumental Tablets,
Baths, Slabs, Mortars, Polished Granites, &c.

Wholesale Dealer in Register and Sham Stoves,
Ovens, Ranges, and Fixtures.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR

ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK.

also for

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL TILES,
for Pavements and Floors.

Show Rooms:—

8, GREAT GEORGE STREET,

Near the TOWN HALL;

Works, by Steam Power:

BENTICK STREET, SUNNY BANK, LEEDS.

JOHN WALES SMITH & SON,

TAILORS, HOSIERS, AND HATERS,

32 AND 33, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

MILITARY OUTFITS.

LADIES' JACKETS AND HABITS.

All the Novelties in

HOSIERY, HATS, &c.

WM. & JNO. BICKERS,

7, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

RESPECTFULLY invite Ladies attending the
Royal Bazaar to visit their Establishment and
inspect their New Styles in

MANTLES, FICHU'S, FANCY DRESS MATERIALS,
Suitable for the Season;

BLACK AND COLOURED SILKS,

PLAIN and FANCY REPPS, FOULARDS, POPLINS,
ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, CAMELS,

TACKO CLOTHS, PRINTED CAMBRICS,
EMBROIDERED and TUCKED GORED SKIRTS,
New GIMPS, FRINGES, &c.

MILLINERY HATS, &c.

MOURNING and WEDDING Orders promptly executed.

AGENTS for the European Company's celebrated Lock-
Stitch Sewing Machine—price from 6½ Guineas.

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES

AND STOVES,

In beautiful designs, at

H E A P S & ROBINSON'S,

IRONMONGERS, WHITESMITHS, TINNERS,

AND BELL-HANGERS,

TOP OF COOKRIDGE STREET,

WOODHOUSE LANE,

LEEDS,

acknowledged to be the

CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE

in the trade for

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES,

STOVE GRATES TO SUIT,

PATENT STOVES,

PATENT COOKING RANGES,

HOT WATER AND ALL KINDS OF
HEATING APPARATUS,

FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, ASHPANS, AND
ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS.

Experienced Workmen in every department.

Now Exhibiting at the INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,

King Charles' Croft,

E. K. HEAPS' PATENT

COMBINATION COOKING RANGE,

AND

THE PATENT

ECONOMICAL STOVE GRATE,

The most complete and efficient Stove yet invented.

N.B.—Two of the Combination Cooking Ranges may
be SEEN IN OPERATION at the NEW MECHANICS' INSTI-
TUTE, Cookridge Street.

CONSTANTINE & CO.,

CABINET MANUFACTURERS,

UPHOLSTERERS,

CARPET AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN,

SOUTH PARADE,

LEEDS,

BE^G respectfully to solicit an inspection of
their New Business Premises, as above, acknow-
ledged to be among the most complete and extensive in
the country, where may be seen in Stock, and of the best
possible construction every article appertaining to

HOUSE FURNISHING, &c.

CARPETS OF EVERY MANUFACTURE,

Wholesale and Retail.

Lofty Furniture Store Rooms and }
Upholstery Manufactory, } PARK LANE.
(Built expressly for the purpose), }

Cabinet Manufactory and Timber }
Yard, } ALEXANDER ST.

THE STUDIO,

1, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

J. J. HOBBISS, PROPRIETOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN EVERY STYLE,

FROM THE

CARTE DE VISITE TO THE LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT

ON CANVAS,

Finished in Oil by one of the first Artists of the

day; or the inimitable

WATER COLOUR MINIATURE,

for Brooch or Souvenir.

MARK THE ADDRESS,

1, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

SEE
C H A R L E S P U L L A N ' S
 NOVELTIES IN
J A C K E T S , M A N T L E S ,
 AND
S H A W L S .

THE CENTRAL SHAWL & MANTLE WAREHOUSE,
 33, BRIGGATE (Corner of Boar Lane),
 LEEDS.

N.B.—The above is the only Establishment in the county for the exclusive sale of Jackets, Mantles, and Shawls.

RENT BOOKS.—CARLTON'S Pocket Land-lord's Rent Books, (Lithographed)

RENT BOOKS.— 1/- 1/6
 2/- 2/6

RENT BOOKS.— 3/- 3/6
 4/- each.

RENT BOOKS.— By Post
 1/1 1/7

RENT BOOKS.— 2/1 2/8
 3/2 3/8

RENT BOOKS.— And 4/2
 each, For

RENT BOOKS.— Weekly, Fortnightly,
 Monthly, Quarterly, & Half-
 yearly Rents, & an Alman-
 ack for Four Years.

RENT BOOKS.— CARLTON'S
 Weekly

RENT BOOKS.— Tenant's
 Rent Books,

RENT BOOKS.— 1d. each, 6d.
 per doz, 5s. per
 gross.

RENT BOOKS.— Designed and published by
 T. CARLTON, Estate Agent, Great
 George Street, opposite the Town
 Hall, Leeds.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS & NEWSAGENTS

SPECIAL NOTICE.

WHEREAS some evil-disposed person, or persons, did, in or about the year 1859, or in or about some other year, remove, steal, or carry away from a room in S. P. in this town, a certain portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness of the late Lord Eyrton, of great value—to wit, of the value of One Hundred Guineas.

And whereas the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, is now wanted, in order that the same may be offered for sale at and in aid of the funds of the Leeds Royal and Imperial Bazaar.

NOTICE IS THEREFORE HEREBY GIVEN, That whosoever shall give such information as shall lead to the conviction of the said, person, or persons, or to the recovery of the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, shall be entitled to such reward as he may be able to recover, on condition that he spend the full amount thereof at each separate Stall in the said Bazaar. And should the delinquent, or delinquents, himself, or themselves, bring back, restore and deliver up the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, and prove to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee that he or they has or have done no wrong, he or they will be forgiven, and also be entitled to double the reward above-mentioned, but must expend the

same in like manner as the said first above-mentioned reward is directed to be expended.

AND NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN, That if no such information as aforesaid shall be furnished three days before the publication of this Gazette, and the said portrait, picture, painting, engraving, or likeness, shall not be recovered, restored, brought back, and delivered up, then the person, or persons, first above mentioned will be prosecuted, without any further notice, far beyond the utmost rigour of the law.

BY ORDER.

ROYAL BAZAAR, VICTORIA HALL, LEEDS.

S P E N C E R ' S B A N D .

PROGRAMME.

OPENING..God Save the Queen, and God Bless the Prince of Wales.

1. OVERTURE.... "L'italiana in Algeri," Rossini.
2. INTRODUCTION, ANDANTE, AND WALTZ "Amy," Levy.
3. GRAND MARCH.... "Papal Guards," Gung'l
4. SOLO CORNET.... "Rail's Lament," Roche.
5. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ.... "Amorette Tunes," Gung'l
6. OVERTURE..... "Zampa," Herold.
7. SOLO CORNET "Polka Sur Zarlino," Emile Etting.
8. QUADRILLE.... "Imperial Prince," Farmer.
9. ARIA.... "Cujus Animam," (Stabat Mater) Rossini.
10. WALTZ..... "Clairiel," Cooke.
- CLARINET OBLIGATO, MR. RICHARDSON.
11. REDOWA "Eugenia," Marriott.
12. QUADRILLE..... "Silly," D'Albert.
13. ANDANTE AND WALTZ.... "Clodion," Alexandra.
14. MARCH AND POLKA.... "Soldiers," Farmer.
15. SELECTION "English Airs," D'Albert.
- SOLOS FOR PICCOLO, CLARINET, CORNET, AND THOMPSON.
16. WALTZ..... "Belgravia," D. Godfrey.
17. GALOP..... "Excursion," Montgomery.

NOTICES.

TO STALL-KEEPERS. — Advertisements respecting the disposal of the remaining stock of goods, must be sent to the Post-office, before six o'clock this Evening, and paid for.

TO-MORROW (Thursday) will be published an entirely new number of "The Royal Bazaar Gazette." It will contain the earliest and latest Telegraphic Intelligence; continuations of "The Dog Collar," leading and other articles; every information as to the Bazaar, to which it forms a complete Hand-book; together with other news of interest.

All articles which may be found in the Hall to be brought to the Post-office.

OUR FRONTPIECE.

DEAR SIR,

When you applied to me for a frontispiece to the paper, you merely said that you should like me to design something from my head, which might, in some way, illustrate this title, "Leeds Royal

Bazaar Gazette." I supposed the three owls might represent Leeds; a procession of sovereigns, royalty; and a few pretty faces, the labourers in the Bazaar.

Why the Leeds arms appears as you see it, is explained by the accompanying letter.

As to the immense procession of sovereigns; may the committee realise my imaginings.

I should have preferred drawing the stall-holders from the ladies themselves, but had not time. I suppose them, however, to be

"More fair than any mortal things;"

as Park or Mr Ramsden sings; I, therefore, send some heads with wings, with bonnets and with bonnet strings, the fashion of some future springs, when ladies are at home.

Yours truly,

THOS. SUTCLIFFE.

W. J. Neild, Esq.

The College of Heralds may object to my appearing as represented in the frontispiece; but what do I care for the College, or what does the College care for me?

I have had more to do with the "LEEDS ARMS" than Garter himself. Fortune placed me first on the upper story, high above the "STARS," with "SUPPORTERS" on both sides.

From thence I was soon led to consider the "SHEER" in the "FIELD" below.

Some call it the "FLEECE," and say that it represents the woollen trade of the town.

But what has a sheep's head, tail, and trotters to do with cloth-making? and if it were only a fleece, that would represent the tanners as effectually as the clothiers. But if you would understand any more about fleecing, perhaps you had better consult your lawyer.

I maintain that it is a sheep, and an extraordinary one, too; for what sheep was ever seen in a "FIELD" with a broad gold band round it.

I was no sooner able to read "PRO REGE ET LEGE," than I began to use my wits for the benefit of both. In the first place, I was led to consider that a State coach was a more effectual SHIELD than half a pan lid, so, having procured a vehicle to my mind, I yoked the sheep, stepped inside my carriage, and ordered my supporters to jump up.

During the days your bazaar remains open, I hope to visit the hall several times, and leave with you a number of those European sovereigns which our countrymen so highly esteem.

Yours truly,

JOSSEY HULLARTS.

To the President of the Mechanics' Institution.

To the Editor of the Royal Bazaar Gazette.

Sir,

On visiting the Royal and Imperial Bazaar, I have been perfectly bewildered at the number and beauty of the objects exhibited—the most fastidious taste can be abundantly satisfied, as well as gratified. The screens exhibited by Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. Taylor, and Mrs. Ludolf, are most splendid in colour, character and design; and I was struck with a water-colour painting, by J. W. Kettlewell, at No. 4 Stall, called "Spring Gatherings," which is a perfect gem in its way, and, in the splendid frame in which it is encased, I overheard it offered for eight guineas—surely cheap enough. But there is no use particularising—every stall has enough within it to charm the lovers of the beautiful.

I am, yours truly,

A FREQUENTER OF BAZAARS.

Leeds, May 26, 1868.

Royal Bazaar Gazette.

LEEDS, MAY 27th, 1868.

THE result of yesterday's takings at the Royal and Imperial Bazaar exceeded our most sanguine expectation; and the scene in the Victoria Hall, throughout the whole day, was one of extraordinary brilliance. There has been no spectacle like it in the provinces for many years past. The beauty and style visible on all sides is indescribable, and the ordinary trade traffic of the town was interrupted by the splendid patronage so willingly given.

When the doors were opened, the rush for tickets was far beyond the most sanguine expectations of the committee, the limited supply of season tickets was quickly exhausted, and a large crowd of gaily dressed ladies was unavoidably kept waiting, until a supply had been obtained from the printing press, which, most fortunately, was near the building.

Soon after the hour of twelve, the Mayor, Vicar, and committee entered the hall, and after a very appropriate prayer by the Vicar for success on the undertaking, the Mayor expressed the gratification he felt at being present, rendered

especially so by the presence of his friend, Dr. Atlay. It might be the last time that he (Canon Atlay), as Vicar, might have to take part in so large an assembly, but he was sure they were all delighted to see him as Vicar of Leeds, and he hoped that he might be spared to perform the duties assigned to him as Bishop of Hereford. As to the brilliant display before him, he must confess that he was somewhat bewildered by the richness which he saw displayed. His eyes were so dazzled by the goods exposed on the different stalls, as well as by the beauty of the ladies presiding at them that he felt it was a rather formidable thing to address them on that occasion. Luckily they were all anxious either to spend their money or to sell their goods, and therefore any remarks he might have to make must necessarily be brief. He could not, therefore, conclude those few words better than by thanking the ladies for the very great exertions which they had made in furnishing the stalls, and he was sure that every person would agree with him in thinking that they had performed their duty in the most satisfactory manner. He hoped they would be successful in disposing of all their goods, and that they might have a large amount to hand over to the president of the Mechanics' Institute at the close of the bazaar. He felt satisfied that every one connected with the Mechanics' Institute must feel deeply indebted to the worthy president for the manner in which he had attended to the carrying out of the arrangements for the bazaar. There were other gentlemen whom he felt he ought to mention. The late chairman of the committee, Mr. Ludolf, had spared neither time nor money in order to make the display of goods at this bazaar most complete in all respects; and Mr. Addyman, by whom he had been succeeded, had done his duty to the utmost. He felt it was idle to say more under the circumstances; and now, as he had been requested, he had much pleasure in declaring the bazaar to be open. (Loud cheers.)—At the call of Mr. Addyman, three hearty cheers were given for the successful opening of the

bazaar, and Dr. Atlay and the Mayor were similarly honoured.

The work of the ladies then began, and their sparkling eyes, cheerful faces, and musical voices, had an undoubted influence in the magnificent results of the first day's sale of the largest Fancy Fair ever held in Yorkshire. We thank them for the months of labour (which, no doubt, has been a labour of love). We thank them for the £1091 18s. 6d. placed to our credit with Messrs. Beckett & Co.; and we earnestly request them to let the second day's receipts be worthy of yesterday's takings.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

First day's sale of season and day tickets; sale of goods and *Gazette*; proceeds of the Album at Mrs. Ludolf's stall; Post-office; and refreshment stalls, £1091 18s. 6d.

Two Stalls, viz. 1.—That of the Mayoress, and the School of Art made no return.

1059 half-crown tickets were sold at the door.

The season ticket list being incomplete, is unavoidably postponed.

The stall-keepers were:—

1. The Mayoress (Mrs. Fairbairn), Mrs. W. B. Denison, Miss Annesley.

2. Mrs. Dickinson, Miss Berry, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Cornock, Miss Conyers.

3. Mrs. Ludolf, Mrs. Tatham, Mrs. Unna, Miss Tounley.

4. Gentlemen Honorary Secretaries' Stall—Mrs. Wardman, Miss Norwood, Miss Speak, Miss Outhwaite.

5. Educational Institute Stall—Miss Ash, Mrs. Dayson, Miss McCombe, Miss Brambles, Miss Tyas.

6. Refreshment Stall—Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Craven, Mrs. John Craven, Mrs. Addyman, Miss Addyman, Miss Ann Addyman.

7. Subscribers' Stall—Miss Penny, Miss Jackson, Miss Hick, Miss Hirst.

8. Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Middleton.

9. Mrs. G. Taylor, Mrs. S. Taylor.

10. Mrs. Lucecock, Mrs. Barr.

11. School of Art Stall—Mrs. O. Nussey, Misses Varley, Mrs. Walter Smith.

Supplementary Stall—The Misses Ash.

Post Office.—Post Master, Mr. Lowe, assisted by Misses Lowe, Miss Lee, and Miss Simpson. This office realised 29. This is the most useful department in the Bazaar. It not only is a Post Office, but an Enquiry Office. The clerks will, for a small fee, take charge of sticks, umbrellas, parcels, cloaks, or any other lumber. Mr. Lowe and his beautiful assistants are anxious to make money, and the result of their labour deserve our warmest thanks. No matter how busy, an enquiry obtains a most courteous reply, and we earnestly recommend our kind readers to visit this department of our County Fair.

"WHAT DY'E LACK? WHAT DY'E LACK?"

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE STALL.

THE good old times,—when these words were shouted in Stentorian tones by the London apprentices, are left far behind, and the medium of the newspaper now calls the attention of the public to the articles therein advertised. This is very fortunate when we consider that the gentler sex are so often placed in the position which the sterner better occupied; for we can imagine nothing more unromantic than fair creatures absolutely bawling, "What dy'e lack?" a process, too, which would inevitably rob them of that low, sweet voice, which the poet tells us is such an excellent thing in woman, whilst it would certainly lower the high standard to which the sex has attained! These few remarks are suggested by the inspection of a stall with which we have been favoured, for, whatever we happened to lack, we found there; and since the same was surintended by young ladies who could not call out the heading of this paragraph, we have taken the liberty of drawing the attention of the lacking public to their undertaking. Does the Bachelor lack a pipe, or a smoking cap, a footstool, or a cricket cap, a cravat, or a night cap, a pair of slippers, or a bunch of Exotics, a purse, or a watch-paper,—he will find them here! Does the Housekeeper lack an anti-maccassor, or a cushion, a work-basket, or a pair of scissors, a vase, or a D'Oyley, a bread-basket, or a matronly apron, chairs, or bassinets,—she will find them here! Do the young and happy couple require a cradle, or a frock for their darling pet; a quilt to wrap it, or a doll to amuse it,—they will find all here! Does the Bride Elect lack flowers or perfumes? Do the little sisters lack doll's bonnets, pinafores, or socks? Does anybody lack anything?—Let them go, and they will find it at No. 5! Moreover, the ladies have determined, in a most business-like manner, to offer their goods at reasonable prices, and to earn that support which we are sure they merit.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE STALL.

HER MAJESTY

THE

QUEEN

OF THE BAZAAR, WILL HOLD A

LEVEE

THIS DAY, when all who patronize the BAZAAR, are invited to attend. The reception rooms are under the management of the Misses Hardy (Stall, No. 5), who are authorized to offer her Majesty's hand to any of her liege subjects, who have a sufficiency of coin of the realm (of Britain), with which to pay for that distinguished honour. The ladies of No. 5 Stall will be glad to negotiate with any person who cares for the welfare of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, an institution of which her Majesty is justly proud, and they hope that every reader of the *Gazette* will attend the Levee, and also inspect the excellent assortment of goods which they have for sale.

HEALTHY ADVICE

ENIGMATICALLY PUT.

Believe	not	hear
Love	always	see
Give	all	have
Tell	that	know
Do	you	durst (do).

MODEL OF
THE LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Among the curiosities of the Bazaar, which have a very close connection with its objects, is a model of the building made by James Asquith, the porter of the Institution. This model is not of the ordinary kind, but one which takes to pieces in a most ingenious manner, shewing, in the process of dislocation, every room and floor, passage and corridor, in the whole building. The model has been made from the building itself, and without the assistance of drawings, measurements, &c., and has taken the artist more than two years of continuous work in leisure hours, without any tools but his knife, a file, and a few sheets of sand paper, but with a perseverance that is singularly creditable, and a knowledge of proportion, form, and arrangements, that indicates fitness for a much higher position than he now holds. The author of this model has produced a work which would put to shame, for its accuracy and ingenious contrivances, many of the works of professional model makers.

Space in our present number is too precious to allow of a lengthened description, but, remembering the object of the Bazaar and the opening of the new Institution, our readers will, we feel sure, be grateful to us for directing their attention to the model; and we cordially hope, before the Bazaar is over, that some patriotic person will purchase the model, and present it to the Institution as a memento and a record of its various departments, its comprehensive character, and the cleverness of everybody in connection with it, when the building was erected, a cleverness that has seemed to extend to the porter of the Institution.

Poet's Corner.

MISS TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

SUGGESTED BY

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZARRE.

As down thro' Cookridge Street I went
(I'd been to Woodhouse Carr),
I mused on ART and things, then sly-
ly to myself I says, says I,
I'm off to the Bazaar.

Just then my heart gave such a hop,
For who should turn the corner
But one—well as he isn't here
Between ourselves, to my idea,
The Cloth Hall's chief adorn.

Stall Number 7. O me! O my!
Sure we could stock our house!
Quilts, needlework so rich and rare,
And babies' robes, and such like ware,
Most multifarious.

Look sharp! is my advice to thee,
Before they all are gone;
Come, Mister, come along with me,
"The thief of time is" (don't you see!)
"Procrastination."

TARITHA TENNYSON.

Parnassus Mount, Leeds.

REBUS.

I'm but a little letter, still
Have sacred duties to fulfil;
But if you take my tail, you make
An alteration in my lot;
You'll say I am shorter,
But I am not.

[An answer requested.]

THE LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
BAZAAR.

T hings for young people, and things for the old,
H ere placed together, each one to be sold,
E nticing alike to all who behold.

L adies and gentlemen walking about,
E ach one observing and marking things out,
E ach finding something delightful or new,
D eserving attention, and pleasant to view.
S tall for the Ladies' School very first-class

M aking you stop to admire, ere you pass,
E ach object so neatly and quirely displayed.
C alous and jackets, and sunbonnets, tastefully made;
I l earth rugs, and counterpane for the good-folks.
A ntimaccassors, Red riding-hood cloaks,
N ight lights and slippers, pincushions and gloves,
I n little toy cages, sweet turtle doves;
C ombs, socks, and brushes, all laid out with care,
S cents for the cambric, pomades for the hair.

I nviting you on to things stranger still,
N ever failing to please turn round where you will.
S moking jackets, smoking caps of rich hue,
T he best kind of mustard, and chocolate too,
I ncluding work-boxes, and whipsprung together,
T he best blotting-cases, penpivers, and leather,
Ugly doll's faces each odd as can be,
T hat wink with both eyes, yet never could see.
E ntrancing us now the grand organ we hear,

B y y the good doctor played, in notes rich and clear.
A ll hoping success the good work may attend,
C alous and faithful each, prove to the end:
A s from the small stream flows the great river springs,
A nd strong willing effort success often brings,
R aising our thoughts up to nobler things.

J. H. ECCLES.

A YOUNG LADY'S ACROSTIC.

Beware, fair friends, of the theme I chant;
Away, let your converse with my sulky cat ascent;
Can he only establish his throne; where he dare,
He glories in abusing chipmunks and feline hair,
Else he croaks not but he groans, he sniffs and sighs,
Looking about with most fault-finding eyes;
Or he talks with "desprit," and walks with a spring,
Round him curls smile and from him comes glad ring,
Such is a bachelor, the theme that I sing.
The reason y' ask of this terrible fate?
He studies himself from dawn until late,
Eating or sleeping, he pesters his pet,
Petted and pampered, meagre and mean,
Lean, plain, and stingy, not fit to be seen.
At home he sits coddling over a fire
Grumbling and venting his spleen and his ire,
Unless there's a book, his thoughts to divert,
Else a nice cup of tea, which can do him no hurt.
Oh! his chair must be easy, and his "bird's-eye" be good—
Fit to fit I cry shame to all bachelorhood.
May his slippers be cold, and his newspaper lost,
Around him his books all littered and trod.
Nay, stay; I have said as much as I need,
Keenly he feels his sufferings, indeed,
I really do hope he get comfort may find,
'Neath the gaze of some fairy, both tender and kind.
Despair not, with chipmunks there are sweet graces com-
bined.

A BACHELOR'S ACROSTIC.

They say we are stingy, mean, and fastidious.
Hold! when you hear our complaint, perhaps you may pity us;
Either our vision is bad, or our tastes incorrect,
But we really do hate the fashions elect.
Along the broad pavement, trains sweep the ground,
Chipmunks behind, and curls & sting around,
Hideous we think this & disgusting dress,
Elegant the ladies think it no less.
Let us ask the sweet fashionability if they can sing?
O yes, of course; could you doubt such a thing?
Ringing, the strains rise, melodious and clear,
Such sounds our lone hearts delighting to hear.
Come from dreamland, and ask about housewifery's affairs;
Of goodness and grace, how the fair engenders tears.
My dear, says the father, will you write me a note
Pa, says the daughter, how dy'e spell wrote?
Ladies, acknowledge we're ready to sigh and to groan,
After admiring a Venus, to find her a drone.
Indeed, on occasions we've suffered such pain,
Never more we'll be cheated,
"No, never again."
Till "les chateaux" become housewives, we
Bachelor's remain.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first in my second may do you much good,
And should certainly have your attention;
My second is mostly of stone, or of wood,
And sometimes shews artistic invention.

1. So you really would like, then, to see what there's left!
Well, now, you may look, mind you, just for a minute.
2. "Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be 'morrow,"
3. Wild strain, quick step, grotesque gesticulation;
Take care! why don't you drink in moderation!
Each housewife who possesses a work basket,
Will tell my name politely if you ask it.
4. When the sparrows on the house top,
Twitter forth their early song,
While beneath, the drowsy inmates,
Snoring loud, their dreams prolong;
Ere the chopman lowers his shutters,
Or the postman's on his route;
Ere his cry the news boy utters,
And the vacant streets are mute;
While yet feebly dawns the day,
In my sombre suit array'd,
By a grin and tollsome wail,
My "excelsior" journey's made.
5. "Monest a highly polite and excitable nation,
I express an assent, or complete affirmation.
6. My visits, though stated, for natural reasons,
Do vary, according to climates and seasons,
F. W. HIRD.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The lowliest with the loftiest, side by side here sit,
Of each some loving, kind, or gracious words are given,
God's glorious words, man's highest aims, with rapture fit
Portrayed, Long live the author, tho' the spell is broken.

1. Of ages past the truth I tell,
When patient quietest use me well.
 2. Success in battle does not make amends
For evil deeds. A blackened name descends.
 3. Millions rejoicing near my golden sands,
Welcome the Sailor Prince from distant lands.
 4. Alas! alas! the world's too small,
There's nought to do, now I have all.
 5. Though rich in lore of every tongue and kind
Give me this relex of a gentle mind.
- The Sphinx at St. No. 11, will give the solution (in black letters), to any one who asks prettily, and is given a penny, on condition that the secret be not divulged within this building.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An ornament of varying hue and length,
And highly prized from North Cape to Port Natal;
Thin, light, and apt to break, and yet its strength
In bearing weight was to a prince once fatal.
This ornament of nature, dark or light,
Still art combines with nature in adorning;
And what was but a chrysalis last night,
Is gaily sporting in the breeze of morn'ing.

1. Destruction, ruin, waste; oh, horrid war;
 2. I must indeed go, dancing, *adieu!*
 3. Thy gods have eyes and see, not cars and hear not.
 4. The throne, the laws to overthrow you fear not.
- J. REUNERT.

SCANDAL.

A little word of scandal fell, and from an idle, thoughtless tongue.
Ah! who can tell what misery upon that slight word hung.
A tiny stream let a mountain side, to be recalled never,
Until at last that tiny stream became a mighty river.
The word went on, and larger grew, until, alas! ere long
It had become a horrid tale of sinfulness and wrong
The stream flowed on, for ever on, through moorland, field,
and heath.
'Twas joined by mussy a lesser one, and all flowed on to-
gether.
A charitable-hearted one endeavoured to stay
The making tide, but 'twas too strong, and it went on its way.
With locks and backs the workmen try to check the rolling
river,
But the water is too strong for them, and it flows on as ever.
And so at last the slander reached the alder-wood.
The mighty river reached the sea, and there its power was
done.
It broke her heart, it broke her heart, it bowed her down
for ever;
At last she perished, overwhelmed by scandal's mighty river.
EVELYN DELTA.

The Boys' Corner.

OUR old friend the Dog. "A dog," says one of the English poets, "is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man. To man he looks in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, steadfast dependent; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind, then, to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services.—GOLDSMITH.

POETICAL JUSTICE. — Hood says that wicked schoolmasters, fond of whipping their scholars, will, after death, be appropriately condemned to the pit that hath no bottom.

THERE is a man in Sunderland who has been practising the "cold-water cure" to such excess, that he has to be hung up every night to get quit of the surplus water; and it is only by constant rubbing with horse-hair gloves that he is enabled to keep the *fins* from growing.

Two countrymen, observing the figures with pitchers in their hands, which support the porticoes of St. Pancras's Church, wondered what they represented. "They must be the *foolish virgins*," said one. "That can't be, neither," replied the other, "there's only four on 'em." "Oh, it's all right," replied his friend, "the *other* is gone for the oil, you may depend on't."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE JAMES TAYLOR, OF PENURIOUS MEMORY.—A short time before his death, on finding himself very ill, he sent for a physician, to whom he told his case, and received in return an answer that he could not live six weeks. On this, he set about adjusting his worldly concerns, and once in his life-time, was resolved to have it said he did a generous thing. He desired his friends (for friends he had in his way) to call on one of the governors of a public charity, with a request that he would wait on him, on such a day. The gentleman, full of expectation, came to his time, and the following conversation took place. "Sir, I have always liked the institution of which you are governor, and have a desire to forward its purposes by a bequest of £1,500. I have very lately been informed by my physician that I have not long to stay in this world, and have sent for you, to make you acquainted with my intentions. But—" "In the name of the patronisers of our benevolent institution, I return you sincere thanks. You may depend that your donation shall be disposed of to the best advantage." "But, in order to save trouble in the making of a will, I have a thought." "What is it, sir?" "That if you will allow me the discount, I'll give you the money directly!"

ANECDOTE OF LORD THURLOW.—One day when Lord Thurlow was very busy at his house in Ormond Street, a poor curate applied to him for a living then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the chancellor, turning on him with a frowning brow, "don't you see I am busy, and can't listen to you. What duke or lord recommended you?" The poor curate lifted up his eyes, and with dejection said, he had no lord to recommend him but the Lord of Hosts. "The Lord of Hosts," replied the Chancellor. "The Lord of Hosts! I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from Him before, and so, do you hear young man, you shall have the living."

A WEALTHY person once asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently at the doors of the rich, and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit. "It is," replied Sadi, "because men of wit know the value of riches, but rich men do not know the value of wit."

THE REWARD OF BRAVERY.—In the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos Bay, having received undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spanish galleons, under the convoy of seventeen men-of-war, in the harbour of Vigo; and without any warrant for so doing, set sail, and made such expedition that he came up with Sir George Rooke, who was then admiral and commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before-mentioned galleons and men-of-war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but, after the fight was over, the victory gained, and the proper advantages made of it, the admiral ordered Captain Hardy on board; and, with a stern countenance, "You have done, sir," said he, "a very important service to your queen; you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but don't you know that you are at this instant liable to be shot for quitting your station?" "He's unworthy to bear a commission who, under her Majesty," replied the captain, "holds his life as aught, when the glory and interest of his queen and country require him to hazard it." On this heroic answer, the admiral dispatched him home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who instantly knighted him, and made him a rear-admiral afterwards.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

AN AFFECTIONATE COUPLE OF GEESE.—A rustic recently offered for sale two over-sized and corpulent looking geese, but had, contrary to usual custom, tied them fast together by the neck, and seemed very anxious to sell them as a couple, and not singly; indeed, so particular did he appear on this point, that on a gentleman inquiring the price, he was informed that he would not sell a single bird for less than five shillings, while the brace might be purchased for seven-and-sixpence. The gentleman, induced from the apparent excellence of the bargain, to buy the pair, and the purchase being concluded, he was led to inquire the reason for the apparent eccentricity of the vender, when an explanation was rendered as follows:—"Whol, sir, the poor things had been an affectionate couple on Tansley common for the last twenty-five years, and I thought 'twould be a pity they should be separated at last."

THE NOISE UNDER THE BED.—A very good widow lady, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day, just as she was receiving a half dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horror!) two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She ran the man out the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with the sage friends, port went one of the corks. "Dear me," exclaimed the good lady, "there goes the bed-cord; it snapped yesterday just the same way; I must have a new rope provided." In a few moments port went another, followed by the peculiar hissing of the escaping liquor. The rope wouldn't do again, but the good lady was not at a loss. "Dear me," says she, "that black cat of mine must be in some mischief, there's 's cat." Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains. "Dear me," said she, "I had forgot that it was them bottles of yeast."

THE DOG COLLAR.

By J. E. N.

(Continued from No. 1.)

"It was in the first flood-tide of the gold discovery, when there was gold in almost every hole that was dug. We selected for our purpose one of those picturesque gullies that lead down to the creek. The entrance of it was difficult to find, so blocked up was it with thick underwood, ferns, and fallen timber, and we came upon it quite by accident. But it proved to be a very mint of wealth to us, although we had to sink fifty or sixty feet before we bottomed. The gold literally embroidered the sides of the drive; and in two months from the time we commenced, we had netted eleven hundred pounds apiece. We were in such a state of exaltation, that he made up his mind to abandon his profession altogether, and stay in the colony until he had made twenty thousand pounds, when, he said, he would go home and enjoy himself for the rest of his life. He, therefore, determined to write to Ethel and ask her to come out to him and share the rough life we both were leading. After the dispatch of the letter conveying this request, we set to work to build a hut large enough to accommodate us all three. We worked hard, and brought to bear upon our labours such knowledge of architecture and principles of taste as the rough materials and tools we used permitted to be available. Having plenty of money, we had furniture and other domestic appliances brought up from Melbourne of quite a luxurious kind; so that, after four months' labour, our cottage was a very rustic palace, and became quite a source of attraction to our neighbours, who now and then dropped in to see us. At last it was finished, and one morning there was a letter at the post office for Ashworth, informing him that Ethel would sail in a week from the date at which she wrote, and might be expected in Melbourne by the end of November. It wanted then but a month to the time of her arrival, and we both looked forward to it with the greatest satisfaction. We arranged that Ashworth should go down to Melbourne in a fortnight's time and wait till the ship arrived; and that as soon as the marriage had taken place, he and his newly-made wife should return to our home in the gully.

"When he had gone, I thought a good deal of how the future was going to turn out for me and my friend. Hitherto there had seemed to be a bond of union between us that nothing could break. Of temperaments widely different, and even of tastes somewhat conflicting, we had nevertheless harmonised surprisingly. We had had many arguments, but always of the most amicable kind, and I thought myself happy in being so fortunate as to have met with a man with whom, while often differing in opinion, I could so thoroughly agree in the ordinary affairs of domestic experience. But I knew that often, when a man marries, there comes between him and his friends an element of disturbance, which causes permanent antagonism; and I wondered whether such a calamity would happen in our case. But I hoped for the best, and tried hard to believe that all Ashworth had said in Ethel's praise was true.

"At last the ship arrived, and Ashworth wrote to me that in four days the hut would receive its mistress. Travelling in those days was both difficult and expensive, but with Ashworth's expense was a very secondary consideration, and so he procured the most comfortable vehicle he could get, and made arrangement for change of horses on the road, so that the journey upward should be as pleasant as the circumstances admitted.

"They arrived at the creek on the evening of one of those bright cheerful days in the com-

mencing Australian spring, when the sun sets amid tints of primrose and gold. The air was fresh and scented, for the morning had been showery, and the temperature was just sufficiently cold to make a fire in-doors pleasant. I had spent all the afternoon making our little palace look as elegant and as comfortable as I could, and I had several times paused in my work to take critical and admiring observations of the establishment. I was sitting on a log, smoking, when the first sound of wheels coming along the rough unformed road reached me. I walked to the bottom of the gully, and the carriage came up at the same time. In a moment, Mr. and Mrs. Ashworth were out, and I was presented by Ashworth with much warmth of testimony as to the high opinion he held of me. But I shall never forget the look of bewilderment and surprise on Ashworth's face as my eyes met those of Mrs. Ashworth, and we both exclaimed, 'Good gracious!'

"Three years previously I had been spending a month in the Tyrol. One day as I was clambering up one of those jagged rocks that overhang the Adige, which at that time was a good deal swollen with the melting of the snows, I heard screams at a little distance, and, looking in the direction from which they came, I saw in the middle of the stream, where the current ran furiously, a lady mounted on a mule, in imminent danger of being carried away by the rushing waters. She had evidently mistaken the depth of the ford and the force of the water, and would assuredly be drowned if immediate help were not supplied her. By the time I had descended the rock, the mule and its rider had become separated; the former was being carried rapidly down the river, and the lady was battling vainly with the flood. I plunged in, and bade her clasp me firmly round the waist and not embarrass my arms. This she did with much presence of mind, and in a few minutes I had rounded a projecting point, got into comparatively smooth water, and reached the bank, upon which I placed the lady, who immediately fainted. By this time an old gentleman came up in the most pitiable agitation, but as the lady revived, his fear gave way to the most extravagant expressions of gratitude, and he thanked me incessantly for saving his daughter's life. There was a cottage near at hand, into which we assisted the lady. The old gentleman told me that he and his daughter were staying at the village inn, about a mile from the cottage, and hoped to see more of me. As the evening was cold and inclined for rain, however, and as the cottager said she could accommodate them for the night, they determined to stay there until the next day, and I left them, promising to come up early in the morning, but in the confusion of the time, I never thought to inquire their name. When I arrived at my own lodgings in the village, I found a messenger waiting with a conveyance to take me instantly to Innsbruck, at which place a solicitor from England had arrived with some legal documents of great importance to my family, and which required my signature. I was detained at Innsbruck for some days, and when I returned to the village, the old gentleman and his daughter had left—nobody knew for what place. But the face of the beautiful girl had haunted me ever since, and when, on looking at Mrs. Ashworth, I saw the features that had never left my memory, I started as I have just told. Of course Ashworth knew all about the adventure in the Tyrol, but had never dreamed that I had been the rescuer of his future wife, nor had I told him of the secret passion I had so long cherished for the woman whom, in one moment, I had loved so devotedly.

"I have said that she was beautiful. It was not a common beauty however. The features, if taken separately, perhaps might have failed entirely to satisfy the requirements of a techni-

cally artistic standard of beauty, but the expression was of the kind there is no resisting. It was a perfect instance of the power of fascination.

"I therefore made up my mind that I and Ashworth must part; for to live in the same house with Ethel and not to love her, I felt to be impossible, and I trusted to time and distance and plenty of occupation to cure me of my now hopeless passion. So, on the following morning I took the first opportunity of speaking to Ashworth alone, and told him unreservedly the state of my affections. But he would not hear of my leaving him.

"'What!' he said. Don't I know that I could trust you to any extent? Don't you think I have the most unbounded confidence in my wife? And is the mere accident of your having loved her before I saw her to separate us? Don't think for a moment of it. For, just as friendship often ends in love, so may love become a more exalted kind of friendship. I am proud of you as a friend, and I shall be proud for you to be my wife's friend. We fully understand one another. I am as incapable of jealousy as you are of dishonour. I look forward to the happiest existence during the next few years. We will stay here, away from the constraint and throng of an artificial world, and yet enjoy all the refinements of an intellectual existence; for we will have books and newspapers, and we will know how the outer world wags, just as if we were in it. Oh, you cannot think how happy we are going to be!'

"I had never heard him make such a long speech as this before, for though he always expressed himself very much to the point, his remarks were short and sententious. He was evidently determined that I should not leave him; and I tried to persuade myself that he was quite right in the belief of love mellowing into friendship. So I did not go away.

"The ensuing three months glided away like some delicious dream. I looked back upon it as among the brightest spots in my existence. I and Ashworth worked busily by day, and the evenings we spent in reading, music—for we had got up a piano—and the pleasantest conversation. Mrs. Ashworth was as intelligent as she was beautiful. She had been most carefully educated, and while free from the frivolous habits of most women of this day, she had nothing of the woman-pedant about her. As for Ashworth, his love was a kind of adoration; and as for me—well, I tried to think it was friendship, and I would not admit, even to myself, that I loved her; but as love, like anger, is a madness, I know now that I loved her more passionately than ever, and that at the end of three months my passion was incurable.

"One day the thought came suddenly over me that I was treading the most dangerous ground. Let me say once and for all, that I do not think Ethel ever harboured a thought that was not consonant with the most perfect fidelity to her husband. Her manner with me was perfectly unconstrained, just as it might have been with a brother. I do not think she had even a suspicion of my passion for her, and therefore there was the most unfettered freedom of friendly intimacy between us, and I had sufficient control over myself to prevent my real feelings being apparent. But I was as conscious of my danger as he who, gliding on the smooth water before it falls over the rocks, knows that destruction is certain unless he can force himself out of the fatal current. On the day that I have just named, therefore, I made up my mind in a moment that I must go away. I would go to Melbourne and write to Ashworth, explaining the reason of my sudden departure; but before I went I felt that I could not resist the temptation of telling Ethel how much I had loved her.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Royal Bazaar Gazette.

No. 3.

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

MAY 28TH, 1868.

STALL, No. 2.

THE LADIES presiding at Stall, No. 2, have collected with unflinching energy, and produced with a total disregard of cost, an assortment of articles of such exquisite beauty and taste, combined with unquestionable utility, as will utterly defy competition. This varied Stock they have determined to clear out at reasonable prices, thus recognising a principle quite novel in Bazaar enterprise; at the same time equally serving the great cause of literature and education and largely benefiting their customers.

Confident in the manifold attractions of their Stall, the Ladies would not wish to be thought imprudent, but only request that their Stock may be seen, when insatiable longings, for some of the choice articles displayed, are sure to follow.

With their possession, the enjoyment must not end, for a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and, even in sleep, the remembrance of Stall, No. 2, and its many glories, shall steal o'er them like "the soft, sweet, exquisite music of a dream."

N.B.—Trusting to a discerning and discriminating public, the Ladies of the above Stall feel sure that they have done their duty, and it only remains for their numerous friends to support them in their praiseworthy undertaking.

Neighbours and friends, both young and old,
To Number 2 repair;
Bring purses filled with notes and gold,
And freely spend it there.

GENTLEMEN HONORARY SECRETARIES'
STALL, NUMBER FOUR.
WARDMAN, NEILD, AND NORWOOD,
ASSISTED BY
MRS. WARDMAN, MISS SPECK,
MISS NORWOOD, MISS OUTIWAITE,
MISSES ASH.

GENERAL DEALERS in every variety of Goods suitable for every class in civilized life. The establishment was first opened during the great Bazaar in 1839. The senior partner in the old firm have retired, the business during the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th inst. will be carried on by the new firm, assisted by a most efficient staff of Ladies, who are determined to dispose of the whole of the Stock of Goods before the end of the week. Members and Subscribers to, and friends of, the Institution in Cookridge Street, are earnestly requested to visit the Honorary Secretaries' Stall, or they may regret having missed the opportunity for investment at most unprecedented low prices.

N.B.—The articles are so miscellaneous, that it would be utterly impossible to publish a catalogued list—an inspection, however, will satisfy the most fastidious that, from the Turke Domes to the Tobacco-box, every article bears the genuine stamp of purity; and the limited space allotted to the proprietors, compel them to omit any classification. It is, therefore, necessary that an early visit should be made to secure the results of industry, perseverance, and artistic skill.

STALL, No. 5.

Luxurious slippers here may be seen,
Embroided with wool, of scarlet and green;
Elegant cushions, for sofa, or chair,
Dolls dress'd quite gaily, with light, curling hair.
S. moking caps braided in orange and blue,

Made of superfine cloth, rich velvet too.
Expensive you say? Not they I am sure,
Come take one, they really are worth as much more.
H owever, look round, then surely you'll buy;
A ll here are for sale, to quit them we'll try.
N ow of useful things, you'll find at this stall,
I mmense is the stock, so come one and all.
C apes, dresses, and pinafores, aprons, skirts,
S. uds, collars and cuffs, white handkerchiefs, shirts.

I n fancy goods, knitted, netted, and sewn,
N one can surpass us, best make them your own.
S weet flowers from hot-house, garden and wood;
T he lily pure white, the blushing rose-bud.
I nly tablets for memory's aid,
T hese with pencil complete, the best that are made.
U seful brushes, both for toilette and dust,
T hat are cheap at the price, 20 pence just.
I nsteads, pen-wipers, note-paper, which should
O n all desks be found, plentifulous and good.
N ext look at these foot-stools, work'd with great care

R ich in bright colours; then look at this chair.
O bserve well this cage of innocent doves,
Y es; are they not charming? Sweet little loves.
A tlength, for the children there's something nice,
L ittle French bedsteads, and boxes of spice,
B ottles of scent; then to suit people old,
A h here are stung purses for silver and gold.
Z ealous young fingers for a year, more or less,
A t work were engaged to insure our success.
A nd now to all friends, who honour the school stall,
R ight welcome we give to Victoria Hall.

E. C.

STALL, No. 7.

MISS PENNY, MISS JACKSON, MISS HICK, and MISS HIRST, beg to call attention to their vast and splendid collection of useful and ornamental articles; all of which are marked at prices to suit purchasers. They flatter themselves that an inspection will insure them of a very speedy sale of the greater portion of their stock, and comprises, amongst an endless variety of other things,—

A choice assortment of Cabinet Furniture.
An elegant Tea Service.
Numerous requisites for intending housekeepers, including Ironmongery, never before sold at any Bazaar.
Magical Portmanteaus, for young couples contemplating a month's travelling.
An immense quantity of Ladies' Wearing Apparel, home made, and of very superior quality.

Baby Linen of every description; long frocks and robes of most costly material and exquisite workmanship.
Gentlemen's Neckties, and several very strong suspenders.

Bannered Screens, Hand Screens, Folding Screens, and Screens of every kind, but nothing that will require to be screened.

For Girls—Dolls of various sizes, elegantly and fashionably dressed.

For Young Ladies—Fortune Tellers, professing wonderful power and sagacity, who will foretell the most important events of life with as much accuracy as such events have ever been foretold by any of their race.

For small Boys—Bags of Marbles, but no marble bags.
Superior Smoking Caps for wise Young Gentlemen, and sweet Bouquets for their button-holes.

A profusion of splendid Cushions; several most elaborately ornamented Stools, Ottomans, Pincushions, and Work Baskets; together with an endless variety of articles, calculated to contribute to the comfort and happiness of every home, excepting perhaps the "Home" of the "Lyons."

N.B. Every article on this Stall is warranted to be what it really is; and should any purchaser afterwards discover that his purchase is something else, and prove the fact to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee, he will have his money returned to him with interest, and be at full liberty immediately thereupon, to expend double the amount at this stall in the purchase of other goods for which he may have no occasion. A full and correct statement of the case will also be inserted in the *Bazaar Gazette*.

* Before using these articles, consult a Clerical friend.

STALL, No. 10.

MRS. LUCOCK and MRS. BARR beg to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have commenced business at the above address, and have arranged ready for inspection and purchase a large, varied, and magnificent collection of useful and fancy Articles, at prices to defy competition.

Being already under notice to quit, the whole must be cleared out in a few days.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!!

Ladies and Gentlemen are entreated not to miss the opportunity now presented to them. An inspection of the Stock in hand will alone suffice to give any adequate idea of its beauty and excellence. The wants of all owners will be immediately, cheaply, and effectively supplied.

Mrs. Luccock and Mrs. Barr would especially call attention to an elegant and superb Portfolio, in silver-mounted, carved, oak frame; this would form a great addition to a gentleman's library or a drawing room. Also, to several most lovely and novel designs in chairs, screens, cushions, vases, and a host of other articles, which must be seen to be properly appreciated!

The favor of a call is solicited. Come early, and observe the Address.

SCHOOL OF ART STALL.—No. 11.

LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS are respectfully, but very urgently, invited to inspect the collection of Statuary and Pictures at the School of Art Stall, including original water-color paintings, gems of ancient sculpture, modern French and Italian statuettes; bas-reliefs, in bronze, terra-cotta, and marble. Art applied to industry in albums, &c., &c. Embroidery and other productions of fair fingers; carvings in various materials; drawings and prints; photographs and many other graphics, including an autograph letter of John Ruskin, which must form part of any future biography of that great writer; and many other things quaint and curious, all of which must be seen to be appreciated. Fair prices marked in plain figures. G. H. NUSSEY, Treasurer.

HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, No. 4.
LYRICAL ODE on the Completion of the Building. Price 1d.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR

BY Her Majesty's Special Command Letters will be despatched from the

POST OFFICE,

To various parts of the Kingdom.

The Office will be open all hours of the day and night.

REFRESHMENTS.

A REFRESHMENT STALL will be placed in the Victoria Hall, where Ladies and Gentlemen can be supplied with Confectionaries, Jellies, Ices, Creams, Custards, Sandwiches, and Choice Wines, &c., &c., and all will be found of the most *recherche* character.

TEA ROOM (Law Library).

Tea	s. d.
Cup of Tea or Coffee	1 6
	0 6

LUNCHEON, SUPPER, & REFRESHMENT ROOM,
(Barbiers' Robing Room).

Dinner or Supper, Cold Meat, Salad, and Cheese	s. d.
Plate of Meat, with Bread	1 0
Soup, with Bread	0 6
Alc	per Glass 0 3
Sandwiches	each 0 6
Wines and Spirits, as per Card	

LADIES' FANCY WORK, of all Kinds, at 1, PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

BERLIN, Fleecy, Shetland, Pyrene, Lady Bettle, and Anglian Wools, &c., at 1, PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' own Materials traced for Braiding, or Embroidery, at 1, PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

RESTS, Monograms, &c., designed and adapted for Ladies' Fancy Work, at 1, PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' Fancy Work made up in the best styles, at 1, PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

MARCELLA and Muslin Goods for Braiding or Embroidery, at 1, PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

PICKARD, Designer, Manufacturer, and Importer of Ladies' Fancy Work, 13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

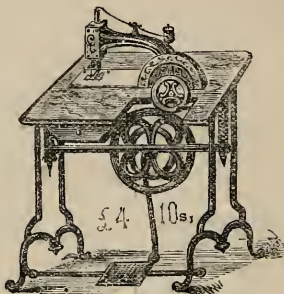
THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR.
Mrs. DAWSON'S Show Rooms are replete with a large, varied, and elegant assortment of **PARISIAN NOVELTIES** in Millinery, Ornaments, Jewellery, &c., specially adapted for the coming Fêtes; which are being offered at very moderate prices. The Millinery, Mantle, and Dress-making Establishment, 15, Briggate, Leeds.

WILLIAM WINTER,
INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF
SEWING MACHINES,
7, SOUTH BROOK STREET, HUNSLET LANE, LEEDS.

THE CEASELESS DEMAND FOR WINTER'S £4 10s. SEWING MACHINE

Justifies the assertion that it is without exception the cheapest and best in the market. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details of its usefulness, suffice it to say that it makes the lock-stitch, has hemmer and tucker, and all the necessary tools included for £4 10s.

The manufacturer would call special attention to his newly invented & patented machine, which excels all



others for beauty, excellence of finish, *quietness of operation*, and its simplicity, which enables it to be thoroughly cleaned without the removal of a single screw. It will be wholly electro-plated, and mounted on *papier mache* table, supported on a beautifully designed iron framework. In addition to supplying all the requirements of a First-Class Family Sewing Machine, it will be found the

BEST MACHINE FOR THE ORNAMENTATION OF BOOT UPPERS.

DIAGRAMS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

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A New Drama, never acted on any stage, and written by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault, entitled

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The part of **ROBERT PENFOLD**, by **MR. COLEMAN**,
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The Piece will be produced under the immediate and general superintendence of the Author, **MR. CHARLES READE.**

The stage management and the mise-en-scene, invented by **MR. COLEMAN.**

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The cast includes the entire strength of the Company.

Doors Open at Seven; commence at Half-past.

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ROYAL BAZAAR, VICTORIA HALL, LEEDS.

PROGRAMME OF PERFORMANCES
ON THURSDAY, MAY 28TH, 1868.

SPENCER'S BAND.

1. OVERTURE.—"Le Caliph de Bagdad,".....Boieldieu.
2. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ "Ophelia,".....Wagner.
3. QUADRILLE.—"Bride of Launmoor,".....Tinsley.
4. SOLO TROMBONE.—"Arie Varié,".....Lengder.
- MR. RICHARDSON.
5. WALTZ.—"Il Bacio,".....Arditi.
6. "War March of the Priests"—Attaliae,
Op. 74.....Mendelssohn.
7. OVERTURE.—"Guy Maunering,".....Bishop.
8. SOLO CORNET.—"Polka Alexander,".....Sweeney.
- MR. RICHARDSON.
9. MAZURKA.—"Trovarolo,".....D'Albert.
10. SELECTION.—"Sonambula,".....Bellini.
11. WALTZ.—"Faust,".....Coote.
12. SOLO CLARINET.—.....Richardson.
- MR. RICHARDSON.
13. QUADRILLE.—"La Fete des Lilas,".....Lamotte.
14. POLKA.—"La Echo du Mont Blanc,".....Jullien.
15. ECHOES FOR CORNET, MR. INGLEDEW.
16. MARCH AND WALTZ.—"Soldatien Lieder,".....Gung'l.
17. INTR DUCTION AND BOLERO.....Bosside.
18. GALOP.—"Thine O'Clock,".....Hageneyer.
19. WALTZ.—"Pretty Bird,".....Coote.
20. GALOP.—"Eloa,".....D'Albert.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTE AND LITERARY SOCIETY.
NEW BUILDING.

The Premises in South Parade will be finally Closed on Saturday Evening Next, the 30th May.

The READING ROOM at the NEW BUILDING in Cookridge Street, will be ready for the use of Members and Subscribers, on MONDAY MORNING, the 1st June.

New Members and Subscribers admitted at any period of the year.

Leeds, 28th May, 1868.

H. WARDMAN, }
W. J. NEILD, } Hon. Secs.

THE GRAND ORGAN—BY DR. SPARK.

1. OVERTURE to the Opera "Marta".....Flotow.
 2. SELECTION from the celebrated "Lieder ohne Worte".....Mendelssohn.
 3. ANTIANTH from the First Symphony, in C.....Haydn.
 4. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE OPERA "Norma".....Bellini.
 5. CORONATION MARCH.....Meyerbeer.
- From Three to Four.
1. OVERTURE to the Opera "Il Tancréd".....Rossini.
 2. SYMPHONY.....Larghetto in A.....Beethoven.
 3. "The Amberwitch".....Wallace.
 4. GRAND OFFERTUORE.....Leidore Wely.
 - AIR....."With verdure clad".....Haydn.

NOTICES.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR.

In consequence of the generally expressed wish, and the great number of visitors to the Bazaar, the Committee will endeavour to arrange for its continuance on SATURDAY.

The terms of admission, this day (Thursday), will be,—

From 12 to 6 . . . s. d.
" 6 " 10 . . . 1 6

LEEDS, May 28th, 1868.

To STALL-KEEPERS.—Advertisements respecting the disposal of the remaining stock of goods, must be sent to the Post-office, before six o'clock this Evening, and paid for.

To-morrow (Friday) will be published an entirely new number of "The Royal Bazaar Gazette." It will contain the earliest and latest Telegraphic Intelligence; continuations of "The Dog Collar;" leading and other articles; every information as to the Bazaar, to which it forms a complete Hand-book; together with other news of interest.

The lack Numbers of "The Royal Bazaar Gazette" may be had at the Office.

All articles which may be found in the Hall to be brought to the Post-office.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

DEAR SIR,

When you applied to me for a frontispiece to the paper, you merely said that you should like me to design something from my head, which might, in some

way, illustrate this title, "Leeds Royal Bazaar Gazette." I supposed the three owls might represent Leeds; a procession of sovereigns, royalty; and a few pretty faces, the labourers in the Bazaar.

Why the Leeds arms appears as you see it, is explained by the accompanying letter.

As to the immense procession of sovereigns; may the committee realise my imaginings.

I should have preferred drawing the stall-holders from the ladies themselves, but had not time. I suppose them, however, to be

"More fair than any mortal things;" as Park or Mr Ramsden sings; I, therefore, send some heads with wings, with bonnets and with bonnet strings, the fashion of some future springs, when ladies are at home.

Yours truly,

THOS. SUTCLIFFE.

W. J. Neild, Esq.

The College of Heralds may object to my appearing as represented in the frontispiece; but what do I care for the College, or what does the College care for me?

I have had more to do with the "LEEDS ARMS" than Garter himself. Fortune placed me first on the upper story, high above the "STARS," with "SUPPORTERS" on both sides.

From thence I was soon led to consider the "SHEEP" in the "FIELD" below.

Some call it the "FLEECE," and say that it represents the woollen trade of the town.

But what has a sheep's head, tail, and trotters to do with cloth-making? and if it were only a fleece, that would represent the tanners as effectually as the clothiers. But if you would understand any more, about fleecing, perhaps you had better consult your lawyer.

I maintain that it is a sheep, and an extraordinary one, too; for what sheep was ever seen in a "FIELD" with a broad gold band round it.

I was no sooner able to read "PRO REGE ET LEGE," than I began to use my wits for the benefit of both. In the first place, I was led to consider that a State coach was a more effectual SHIELD than half a pan lid, so, having procured a vehicle to my mind, I yoked the sheep, stepped

inside my carriage, and ordered my supporters to jump up.

During the days your bazaar remains open, I hope to visit the hall several times, and leave with you a number of those European sovereigns which our countrymen so highly esteem.

Yours truly,

JOSSY HULLARTS.

To the President of the Mechanics' Institution.

Royal Bazaar Gazette.

LEEDS, MAY 28th, 1868.

It is well to set in order before our readers some of the privileges they now enjoy in their presence at the Bazaar.

"Variety is charming." Is this so? Then how many the charms of a bazaar. What a variety of *articles*.—Charming! What a variety of young ladies to dispose of them;—all charming! What a variety of emotions in the mind of the visitor as he perceives several seraphs, at once converging upon him, with goods of five times the value of the coins in his pocket. Charming again!

And then what a variety of modes in which he may be delivered from his money! Ah, it is all charming.

Then he obtains practical insight into many popular sayings. For example,—he was at a loss to understand the meaning of "taking care of the pence, whilst the pounds took care of themselves." But let him put a shillingworth of halfpence into one pocket in the morning, and five sovereigns into the other. Let him take care of the coppers, and be indifferent to the sovereigns; and he will find (with a thrill of scientific pleasure) at the end of the day, that the pounds have all dispensed with his further care—acted independently, and "taken care of themselves." They will never need his care any more!

Then let every gentleman, upon entering the Bazaar, consider what an object of interest he is. Let him look upon himself in the light of a "fatted calf." Lovely butcheresses, on every hand, sharpen the

weapons of their eyes and their tongues, upon his appearance. How sweet a death to die. He is an earthly parallel to the boar that is served up nightly, in Valhalla, to Odin and his court, and feels all the better for it next day.

He is as interesting as a pot of treacle is to flies. Let him be as delightfully passive. Let there be no unhappy reluctance to part with his money. That would be to mingle brimstone with his treacle, and would prove him to have been educated by that eminent Yorkshire schoolmaster, Mr. Squeers. Purchase on every side, with a grand freedom of manner, a bold sweeping style.

You, being a bachelor, imagine you do not want a large doll, or a baby's robe? It is immaterial. "Keep a thing seven years, and you will find a use for it." "Necessity is the mother of invention," and you may be the father.

To all, married or unmarried, young or old, we would say: can anything surpass the romantic pleasure of buying, from lovely hands, things that you seem to have no possible use for, and then speculating on their DESTINY. Shall they be * * ? Will they go to * * ? Ah!

(N.B.—*Sic ut ad astra.*)

There is the rapturous element of mystery woven into those fabrics, lying as a supernatural gleam upon those ornaments. Let not the housemaid Utility remove that glow with her damp duster.

Consider, finally, that what you buy is intrinsically worth the money; that it is extrinsically (by reason of the extreme affability and attractiveness of the saleswomen) worth a good deal more; that the Turkish Bath your pocket has submitted to, has brought to the surface and healthily removed much corrosive metallic matter,—and this so pleasantly, that the Turkish Bath is equivalent to so many ounces of "Turkish Delight;" that the ladies were glad to see you come in,—glad for you to stay,—and glad for you to go away when you had no more money to spend; and thus, *eundo, morando, et redeundo*, you are a source of pleasure to your engaging fellow-creatures. And that, when you

finally depart from the Bazaar, with the resolution to return no more, and even entertain the absurd idea that you have sustained pecuniary loss, you will be comforted by the knowledge that the sorrow of the Bazaar ladies over departing friends is alleviated by the reflection that your loss is the everlasting gain of the Leeds Mechanics' Institute.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

First day's sale of season and day tickets; sale of goods and *Gazette*; proceeds of the Album at Mrs. Ludolf's stall; Post-office; and refreshment stalls, £1091 18s. 6d.

Two Stalls, viz.:—That of the Mayoress, and the School of Art made no return.

1059 half-crown tickets were sold at the door.

The season ticket list being incomplete, is unavoidably postponed.

Second day's receipts, including admittances, £722 12s. 11d. This is exclusive of the money obtained at the School of Art Stall, which has yet made no return.

The stall-keepers were:—

1. The Mayoress (Mrs. Fairbairn), Mrs. W. B. Denison, Miss Annesley, Miss Loraine, and Miss Fairbairn.
2. Mrs. Dickinson, Miss Berry, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Cornock, Miss Conyers.
3. Mrs. Ludolf, Mrs. Tatham, Mrs. Unna, Miss Tounsey, Miss Walker.
4. Gentlemen Honorary Secretaries' Stall.—Mrs. Wardman, Miss Norwood, Miss Speck, Miss Outthwaite.
5. Educational Institute Stall.—Miss Ash, Mrs. Dayson, Miss McCombe, Miss Brambles, Miss Tyas.
6. Refreshment Stall.—Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Craven, Mrs. John Craven, Mrs. Addyman, Miss Addyman, Miss Ann Addyman.
7. Subscribers' Stall.—Miss Penny, Miss Jackson, Miss Hick, Miss Hirst.
8. Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Middleton.
9. Mrs. G. Taylor, Mrs. S. Taylor.
10. Mrs. Lucecock, Mrs. Barr.
11. School of Art Stall.—Mrs. O. Nussey, Misses Varley, Mrs. Walter Smith.

Supplementary Stall.—The Misses Ash.

Post Office.—Post Master, Mr. Lowe, assisted by Miss Lowe, Miss Emily Lowe, Miss F. Harrison, and Miss Ross. This is the most useful department in the Bazaar. It not only is a Post Office, but an Enquiry Office. The clerks will, for a small fee, take charge of sticks, umbrellas, parcels, cloaks, or any other lumber. Mr. Lowe and his beautiful assistants are anxious to make money, and the result of their labour deserve our warmest thanks. No matter how busy, an enquiry obtains a most courteous reply, and we earnestly recommend our kind readers to visit this department of our County Fair. The office is situated to the left, near the door leading to the Refreshment Rooms.

BUST OF ALD. KITSON.—The visitors to the Royal and Imperial Bazaar, yesterday, had an opportunity of seeing a bust in marble of Ald. Kitson. The likeness is an excellent one, and the presence of the original in the room during the day only served to show its fidelity in every respect. The sculptor is Mr. W. D. Keyworth, of London, to whom the town owes the very fine lions which adorn the front of the Town Hall.

A GOOD DEED—STRANGELY RECORDED.

GENTLE READER,—It may not be out of place, in these days of telegraphs and political economy, when we go a-head so fast, and must have present *quid pro quo*, even in the service of goodness itself; when we promote the spread of the Gospel abroad, by a Missionary breakfast! and have to promote knowledge at home, by a Mechanics' Institution Bazaar! it may not be out of place to record, with all possible publicity, a deed of kindness done in other days; and when lacking our privileges, principle itself wrought so well; and goodness, pure and undefiled, sprang up to water the desert of life and circumstances of the day.

In the little quiet, but exquisitely beautiful medieval church of Methley, near Leeds, there was some eight or nine years ago an oval slab taken down from the walls near the altar, recording that

NEAR THIS PLACE LYES INTERRED
THE BODY OF
THE REV. GEORGE GOODWIN,
BORN 20TH OF AUGUST, 1666,
AND DIED THE 11TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1750.
HE WAS RECTOR OF THIS CHURCH,
FROM THE YEAR 1709,
TO THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.
THIS MARBLE IS ERECTED TO HIS MEMORY,
BY HIS ONLY DAUGHTER,
JANE, WIFE OF WILLIAM VIGOR,
OF TOPPLAR, IN THE COUNTY
OF BUCKS, ESQR.

The slab was placed (after certain alterations) in a corner, at the back of some old tombs belonging to the Savile family; was getting overlooked, and would soon have been forgotten, cast out, and unknown. And why not? perhaps the reader will say; what is it to us that George Goodwin was born 1666, the date of the great fire of London, and of the cessation of the plague? Who was he? what did he do? and who was his daughter Mrs. Vigor, wife of William Vigor, of the county of Bucks, Esq.? We now know but little of him. All we know is recorded, that he was visited by our antiquary, Thoresby, in 1709, who registers that fact in his Diary (P. 50, vol. 2), and of the following extracts from the 2nd vol. of the "Antobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs. Delany, London, 1861." Mrs. Delany was wife of a court physician, Dr. Delany, doing service at the courts of Geo. 2 and 3, and as a clever woman and a reputed beauty, she had a large circle of acquaintances and correspondents. Her life and correspondence are given in 4 vols.; heavy reading in the whole, edited by the Right Honourable Lady Llanover, from among which may be gathered some few things

worthy of enduring the wearisome verbiage of the court twaddle, and conventional associations of the period. One exception we will give, which throws a light upon our queries as to George Goodwin, which will, we trust, repay the readers, and profit them too, sufficient to repay for the perusal.

The following singular narrative was amongst the letters of Mary Granville. It bears date 1740, and is sufficiently curious to deserve insertion had it not been particularly preserved by her.

"Mrs. Vigor, among many curious occurrences in her travels, had an extraordinary interview with some persons, whom at that time she did not know. This was attended with a wonderful coincidence of circumstances, which happened in the following manner: "Mrs. Vigor, after having resided some years in Russia, was, upon the death of her husband, obliged to return to England. As she was with child, it was thought improper for her to proceed by sea; she therefore set out with her servants by land, and the journey was performed in sledges, on account of the snow. They left Petersburg, and passing through Livonia and Courland, arrived at Memel, in Polish Prussia. She was here obliged to take up her quarters in an inn, which to her mortification she found full of Prussian officers and soldiers. This was an unfortunate circumstance to Mrs. Vigor, whose situation at that time was critical, as she expected soon to be in a state of confinement. A gentleman who had attended her in her journey happened in the afternoon to go out, in order to make a visit to some merchants and other principal persons of the place, to whom he had letters; and in conversation he took the liberty to ask if it were not possible to obtain a private lodging for a lady, whose present place of residence was very inconvenient. A person quite unknown said, that he believed apartments were to be had, and those very commodious and retired and as he was going home he would very soon send a particular account. This news was carried to Mrs. Vigor, and in about an hour a very polite letter came, subscribed 'Meyer,' (the name of the person spoken of above); and in this letter the apartments were pointed out, in which it was hoped that Mrs. Vigor would find every accommodation that she could desire; and added, that the "sooner Mrs. Vigor came the better." The servants were accordingly ordered to get everything in readiness; and a coach being procured, they set out for the house to which they had been directed.

"Mrs. Vigor found it spacious and stately, and was carried up to a drawing-room, where they were treated with everything requisite, and there was afterwards a supper served up. They were in a state of wonder at these occurrences, but at last got intelligence from their servants, that the house in which they were, belonged to the very person who first gave intimation about apartments to be obtained, and afterwards wrote the letter. This raised their wonder still more. However, nothing transpired that night, but in the morning, at breakfast, the gentleman of the house made his appearance, and with him a young person who seemed to be his son. Mrs. Vigor got up, and mentioned how greatly she was obliged in him for his goodness, but at the same time told him how much she was embarrassed, as it was out of her power to make any return for these civilities. Mr. Meyer begged of Mrs. Vigor and her friends to be easy on that head; for, says he, "All I do is a return: it is in consequence of favours received—so that your debt is cancelled before it is incurred." As they did not seem to understand him, he proceeded to explain his meaning. "You must know," says he, "that I have a great esteem for the English nation in general, but I have obligations to particulars which enhances my regard. You see here this young man, who is my son; he was last year upon his travels in England, and passing down from the north towards the capital, he

was taken very ill. His disorder was so violent, that he was forced to take refuge wherever he could find shelter, which was not easily to be procured. His distemper was the small-pox, and he was housed in a small dirty ale-house, where he must have died for want of care and accommodation. A gentleman of the place heard that a stranger was ill, and was so humane as to make him a visit. When he found the nature of his disorder, he ordered him to be wrapped up securely, and conveyed him in his coach to his own house. To this gentleman's goodness, and to the assiduity and attention of those about him, *my son owes his life*, and I am indebted for my son. Hence I make it a rule that no person from England shall come to this place without meeting from me every mark of regard that I can possibly show."—"Pray, sir," says Mrs. Vigor, to the son, "whereabouts was it in the north of England, that you met with this civility?"—"It was," says he, "at a place called *Methley*, near Leeds, in Yorkshire."—"Mrs. Vigor was struck with this; "And pray, sir, may I ask what was the gentleman's name?"—"His name, madam," said the other, "was Goodwin."—"Sir," says Mrs. Vigor, "it was my own father!"

We may well imagine how Mr. Meyer's face glowed at this. What was before general civility was now heightened into the warmest gratitude: he testified the greatest satisfaction in having before his eyes the daughter of the person to whom he esteemed himself so much obliged. The son came up with great politeness to Mrs. Vigor, and told her he ought not to wait to have for any previous *éclaircissement*, he ought to have known her at once; "for," said he, "no daughter can be more like to a father than you are to Mr. Goodwin." Mr. Meyer begged of them now to be no longer under any difficulties on account of the little civilities which he might offer them. Mrs. Vigor had a claim to everything, for he was greatly in her debt. He sent the next day to his daughter, who was married to a person of consequence at the distance of a few leagues, and desired that she would come and keep Mrs. Vigor company; she accordingly came with her husband, and there was a renewal of civilities. It was particularly requested of Mrs. Vigor that she should take up her residence with them till she had passed the time of her confinement, but this could not be. Mrs. Vigor had received repeated solicitations from her friends to make her appearance as soon as possible in England, her affairs required it, and she was obliged to leave this grateful and hospitable family, after a residence of a few days, which she could have wished to have been as many years. Mrs. Vigor left Memel, and passing through Königsburgh and Dantzick, arrived at Hanover; after a short stay there she set out for Holland and Hellevoet, and from thence took shipping for England. This happened in the year 1741.

And now, we would ask of the thoughtful reader, if the story does not repay for perusal, and is not its moral and teaching worthy of study and example? We thus see the bread (seed corn) of a good deed cast upon the waters, begun in a little dirty inn and completed at the rectory, at Methley, never intended certainly to be published to the world, thus strangely brought to light, and by his own daughter, at Memel, where she repaid such an agreeable reward for what her father had done; and well might she reverence, and so reward, a father's memory. And second, it is thus singularly brought to light to us by the publication of Mrs. Delany's memoirs, which publication, by directing attention to the subject, caused the marble tablet (about 3 feet by 2) to be replaced in the walls of Methley church;

where the writer has made more than one pilgrimage; with feelings more impressed therefrom than with visits to the shrine of Thomas-a-Beckett, or of the Three Kings of Cologne. One would like, even in humble admiration, to know of the several dirty ruins still remaining at Methley, which was the "little one" thus honoured. But the old rectory,—where the Reverend Geo. Goodwin lived to win fame so good as to tenderly wrap up and convey in his coach to his own house the poor forlorn stranger, sick to death of the contagious and then so fatal small-pox; risking his life for love in contrast to those who appear to have objected to attend to him for money;—the old rectory still remains; but it has ceased to be the dwelling of the rector, having been exchanged for a new one, more ecclesiastical in form, away from the dwellings of his parishioners. Reader, is it likely that this type of the age will, two centuries hence, shine with a lustre so bright, as does the humanity and self-sacrificing goodness of the Rev. George Goodwin?

"All hands must come
To the cold Tomb;—(but)
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

Poet's Corner.

A RAMBLE IN FEBRUARY.

Along the ancient forest path
I took my way, far out of town,
By tangled brake and bramble bush,
Left by the winter sear and brown;
Then slowly turning round about,
I crossed the quaint and rustic style,
Where lovers oft in summer days
Their pleasant hours of youth beguile.

The sun broke from a fleeting cloud,
And shone upon the dusky lane,
And there a wild bird sat and sang,
As if to say I've come again.

The buds upon the hawthorn hough
Were peeping from the hedgerow side,
Beneath the elm and stately oak,
Whose branches stretched out far and wide.

The elder showed its opening leaves,
Soft and green in the sheltered nook;
The coltsfoot raised its yellow flowers
Above the cool and limpid brook.

The tender tufts of rich green grass
Were springing from the soft damp ground,
Casting aside the withered stems,
And spreading slowly all around.

There bloomed the snow-drop fresh and fair,
Bending its pale and lovely form;
So small, so fragile—still so sweet,
Braving the winter wind and storm;

Like some fair maiden, pure and young,
Sent forth the cold harsh world to have,
Stopping with us a little while,
Then passing to an early grave.

It pleased me much to wander forth,
And count each new-born form of life,
To leave behind the busy crowd,
And for a while forget its strife.

'Twas like some new-born hope, that springs
Bright as the sunshine after rain—
Bidding great nature's heart rejoice,
For soon the Spring will come again.

J. H. ECCLES, Leeds.

LYRIC ODE

ON THE

COMPLETION OF THE NEW BUILDING.

BY JAMES EDWARD NEILD, M.D.

I.

Rise, Palace, to the skies,
A Palace for the mind;
Ye massive walls, uprise,
For noble ends designed;
For noble ends and noble men,
For triumphs such as heroes gain,
Not heroes that destroy!
Heroes that all their might employ,
In lifting men from out the soiling clay,
To bid them look upon the light of day.

II.

Rise, Palace, shapely, fair,
Honored be every stone;
No fairy thing of air,
That with a breath is gone.
A glorious pile wherein to store
Whole centuries of up garnered lore;
Rich treasures of the past,
For centuries to come, to last;
Records that mighty pens of old have writ,
Of wisdom, science, poetry, and wit.

III.

Coffer of priceless thought,
Than gems more valued far;
That gold hath never bought,
That time can never mar.
Brain-wealth bequeathed in many a page,
Increasing still from age to age;
Upstored thy walls within.
A greater power shall hence begin,
And shedding life around and glorious light,
Day-beams shall spring where erst was only night.

IV.

Join soul, join heart, join hand,
And with combined voice,
As one united band,
Pronounce the word, Rejoice!
Long have we toiled and yearned to see
Our hopes become reality,
And now the pile uprears,
Spite hove long time deformed, spite fears!
A spacious fane, destined we trust to last
When we who reared it, are the buried past!

V.

Thou temple, vast and fair,
Whose purpose seems divine,
May no ill-chance impair
The noble uses thine.
Lift thou from ignorance the veil,
Change to glad song her savage wail;
From gloom to sunray lead,
Of knowledge vast, spread thou the seed;
For happiness from glorious knowledge springs,
And all the train of good that else she brings.

VI.

Rejoice again, rejoice!
The glorious work is done;
The music of the voice,
Chants of the victory won.
More of the means to teach mankind!
More of the levers of the mind!
More helps by wisdom given!
To lift the souls of men to heaven!
Therefore on high the grateful accents raise,
And fix the top stone with a shout of praise.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Ebenezer Elliot once summed up his own character, as he wished it to be read by posterity, in a few lines, and we cannot do better than transcribe them:—

Stop, mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor;
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave—
The street, the factory, the jail—
The palace, and the grave!
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing—earth's feeblest worm—
He feared to scorn or hate;
But honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
He blest the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan—
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies a man
Who drew them as they are.

DIRGE,

On the memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who died in consequence of having been stung in the eye by a bee.

Peerless, yet hapless, maid of (Kew) Q;
Accomplished L. N. G!
Never again shall I and U
Together take our E.

For a! the fates, I know not Y,
Sent midst the flowers a B,
Which venomous stung her in the I,
So that she could not G.

L. N. exclaimed, "vile spiteful B,"
If ever I catch U,
On jasmine, resbud, or sweet P,
I'll change your stinging Q!

I'll send you like a lamb or U,
Across the Atlantic C,
From our delightful village Q,
To distant O. Y. E.

A stream runs from my wounded I,
Salt as the briny C,
As rapid as the X or Y,
The O. I. O. or D.

Then, fare thee well, incensate B,
Who stung, nor yet knew Y,
Since not for wealthy Durham's C,
Would I have lost my I.

They bear with tears fair L. N. G.
In funeral R. A:
A clay cold corpse new doomed to B,
While I mourn her D. K.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,
List to the reason Y,
For should a B. C. U at T,
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in the grave, L. deep in Q,
She's cold as cold can B;
Whilst robins sing upon A. U,
The dirge of L. N. G.

VALUABLE RECIPE

CONTRIBUTED BY A HARD HEARTED QUIZ.

Take the wings of a pigeon—pure and single, dry and dye them pink or puce, attach them neatly together at the top, extend them dexterously across a young lady's head, where three retreating curls will be in waiting to keep guard, affix a yard of gay ribbon to the tip end of each suspending wing, then loop them up under a mysterious projecting tuft behind, (in some cases resembling a railway buffer) and you have a lady's head dress of the first fashion in the year of grace 1868.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S
PORTFOLIO.

NEVER condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser, or his crime.

"Make way, here," said a member of a republican deputation, "we are the representatives of the people." "Make way yourself," shouted a sturdy fellow from the throng, "we are the people themselves."

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party, where the lady was very particular not to have the concord of sweet sounds interrupted, was freezing under the performance of a long-concerted piece, and seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How he should stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

AN EDITOR'S HINTS FOR WIVES.—Never complain that your husband pores too much over the newspaper. To the exclusion of that pleasing converse which you formerly enjoyed with him. Don't hide the paper; don't give it to the children to tear; don't be sly when the boy leaves it at your door, but take it in pleasantly, and lay it before your spouse. Think what man would be without a newspaper; treat it as a great agent in the work of civilisation, which it assuredly is, and think how much good newspapers have done by exposing bad husbands and bad wives, by giving their errors to the eye of the public. But manage you in this way.—When your husband is absent, instead of gossiping with neighbours, or looking into shop windows, sit down quietly, and look over the paper; run your eye over its home and foreign news; glance rapidly at the accidents and casualties; carefully scan the leading articles, and at tea-time, when your husband again takes up the paper, say, "My dear, what an awful state of things there seems to be in India;" or, "What a terrible calamity at the Glasgow Theatre;" or, "Trade appears to be flourishing in the north!" and, depend upon it, down will go the paper. If he has not read the information, he will hear it all from your own lips; and when you have done, he will ask, "Did you, my dear, read Simpson's letter on the discovery of chloroform?" and whether you did or not, you will gradually get into as cosy a chat as you ever enjoyed; and you will soon discover that, rightly used, the newspaper is the wife's real friend, for it keeps the husband at home, and supplies capital topics for every day table talk.

COUPLE OF CHARADES.

Situation of MR. HIRN'S Double Acrotic in Yesterday's Gazette.

I.

THOSE railway shares, those railway shares!
That source of never abating cares,
Who'd think, when I paid up each call,
That they below my first would fall.

The proverb's right, that many a slip
There is, betwixt the cup and lip;
'Twas so, when on my first I reckoned,
As an investment for my second.

Whatever course I may pursue,
There is a curse on all I do;
Bad luck, too hard for me to bear,
Forsooth, it might my wale make swear.

II.

Tell me not with childish wailing,
Patient work is ever cur'd;
If one stroke was unavailing,
Give another vigorous "first."

Think of him whom, there to perish,
Envy in my "second" threw;
Near the throne you see him flourish,
Fortune smile on him anew.

Look, then, forward, not behind you,
Trust in God to reach the goal;
Of His merites to remind you,
Is the calling of my "whole."

J. RETNERT.

THE DOG COLLAR.

By J. E. N.

(Continued from No. 2.)

I was wrong to do so, but before heaven, I had no thought in my mind but to ask her forgiveness and her pity.

"It was evening, and Ashworth had gone to the post-office for letters. I was sitting in our pretty parlour, around the window of which a vine had already begun to creep, and the glowing summer sun was gilding the bright green of the leaves, and lighting up the various objects in the apartment. Mrs. Ashworth had just concluded some little domestic operation in the kitchen, and she entered and took her seat on the side of the window opposite to that at which I was sitting. She had never, I thought, looked so lovely, for the slanting sunrays lighting up her face and her rich brown hair, gave her an expression of something more than human beauty.

"I plunged at once into the subject that was occupying my thoughts and said,

"I am going away, Mrs. Ashworth."

"Going away!" she replied. "Where to? and why are you going?"

"And then I told her all—how I had loved her from the day I drew her from the boiling Adige; how I had struggled against my passion, but in vain; and that I felt nothing but flight could restore me to reason. I entreated her forgiveness, and asked her not to think unkindly of me when I had gone. I told her that I had made a confidant of Ashworth; how he had resisted my going, and how I had myself hoped I should have been able to discipline myself into resignation.

"She did not start, nor turn very red, nor faint, nor fly into a furious passion, as some women would have done; but she looked at me with a kind, compassionate expression, and said,

"I am not angry at you. I might as well be angry at your catching the measles. But you will recover from this attack, and I think you have decided wisely to go away. I have enjoyed your society very much, and so, I am sure, has Richard. He will miss you sadly, and I shall be sorry to see him deprived of anything that pleases him: for you know how I love him."

"I am sure of it," I said.

"When do you go?" she asked me.

"To-morrow morning, before sunrise."

"At that moment I heard Ashworth coming towards the house. I said,

"I shall perhaps never see you again after to-night. Give me one kiss, that I may feed upon the memory of it for ever after."

"In perfect purity and trusting innocence she turned her face towards me, and I kissed her with a fervour that had in it as much of despair as of passion, for I felt I was taking leave of her for ever. My back was towards the window, and before my lips had left her own I was conscious of a shadow passing across her face. It was gone in a moment, but I knew it to have been that of Ashworth as he went passed the open window. I resumed my seat, and the next moment he entered the room. There was nothing in his manner that suggested his having witnessed what had just taken place, and I felt thankful that he had not seen it. I tried hard to acquire myself of having done wrong, and I am sure Ethel was as unconscious of guilt as the child of an hour's age. But I had, nevertheless, some unpleasant twinges of conscience, that the very concealment from Ashworth of what had taken place was a violation of perfectly strict honour. But in the course of the

evening my uneasiness passed away. I had a friendly argument with Ashworth about some recent geological discoveries, and we prolonged our discussion till past midnight; so that I was afraid I might not awake in the morning sufficiently early to carry out my purpose of going away.

"When I fell asleep I dreamt I was in a large and beautiful garden, full of the strangest flowers, the odour of which was overpowering. I thought I lay on a bank close by a cascade which fell from a high rock, and tumbled, with a roaring noise, into some dark caverns beneath. On a sudden the air was darkened, and a large bird, whose outstretched wings hid the sun, came towards me, seized me in its talons, carried me high into the air, and then let me fall. As I seemed to come to the ground I awoke. I was not in bed, and, for a few seconds, I was quite unable to discover where I was. As my eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom of the place, I knew I was up the end of the drive, where Ashworth and I had been working for so many months. My hands and feet were firmly bound, and I was lying on my back. Ashworth was standing beside me, pale as marble, and with a horrible expression in his eyes. I said,

"What is the meaning of all this? How did I come here?"

"The meaning is," he said, "that I have brought you here to your death. I have trusted you, and you have abused my trust. You thought I did not see you and Ethel as I passed the window last night. I did see you, and my first impulse was to kill you both on the spot. But I got the mastery over my passion, and determined to take my revenge in a different way. I gave you chloroform as you slept, and brought you to this place, from which you will never escape. I have been cruelly deceived in you."

"And he burst into a wild fit of weeping terrible to behold.

"Ashworth," I said, "you are mistaken. That I loved your wife before you had seen her, I have already told you. Her beauty and rare mental qualities must have assured you that it was impossible for any man to regard her with indifference; but that I have thought of her with any feeling other than the most absolute respect, let me give you my most solemn assurance to the contrary, though you should kill me the next moment. But whatever opinion you may entertain of me, think of your wife as you have ever done—as an angel of goodness and purity."

"This is what I have thought of her," he said; and he drew back a red blanket, which until then I had not perceived stretched across the entrance to another drive we had but lately commenced to make.

"I shall never forget the horror which seized upon me at that moment. Hanging by a rope from the cross-piece over the entrance, was the body of Ethel, so lately full of life and glorious beauty, an American bowie-knife buried to the hilt in her bosom, from which the blood still flowed in a horrible stream, and dyed the white night-dress that she wore!"

"You might have known by this time that I never do things by halves," he said. "God knows how I loved both her and you; but the discovery once made that you were neither of you worthy of my love, I doomed you both to destruction. I shall keep you here, and compel you to witness the loathsome decay of that form whose beauty so enthralled you. Then I shall leave you to die of starvation, and then I will kill myself. This is something like revenge. We are here perfectly free from interruption, and I can take my time over my work."

(To be continued in our next.)

The Royal Bazaar Gazette.

No. 4.

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

MAY 29TH, 1868.

STALL, No. 2.

THE LADIES presiding at Stall, No. 2, have collected with untiring energy, and produced with a total disregard of cost, an assortment of articles of such exquisite beauty and taste, combined with unquestionable utility, as will utterly defy competition. This varied Stock they are determined to clear out at reasonable prices, thus recognising a principle quite novel in Bazaar enterprise; at the same time equally serving the great cause of literature and education and largely benefiting their customers.

Confident in the manifold attractions of their Stall, the Ladies would not wish to be thought importunate, but only request that their Stock may be seen, when invariable longings, for some of the choice articles displayed, are sure to follow.

With their possession, the enjoyment shall not end, for "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and, even in sleep, the remembrance of Stall, No. 2, and its many glories, shall steal o'er them like "the soft, sweet, exquisite music of a dream."

N.B.—Trusting to a discerning and discriminating public, the Ladies of the above Stall feel sure that they have done their duty, and it only remains for their numerous friends to support them in their praiseworthy undertaking.

Neighbours and friends, both young and old,

To NUMBER 2 repair;

Bring purses filled with notes and gold,

And freely spend it there.

GENTLEMEN HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, NUMBER FOUR.

WARDMAN, NEILD, AND NORWOOD,
ASSISTED BY
MRS. WARDMAN, MISS SPECK,
MISS NORWOOD, MISS OUTHWAITE,
MISS ASH.

SUCCESSORS TO

GENERAL CHILD AND NEILD.
Goods suitable for every class in civilized life. The establishment was first opened during the great Bazaar in 1859. The senior partner in the old firm having retired, the business during the 25th, 27th, 28th, and 29th Inst., will be carried on by the new firm, assisted by a most efficient staff of Ladies, who are determined to dispose of the whole of their Stock of Goods before the end of the week. Many new Subscribers to, and friends of, the Institution in Cookridge Street, are earnestly requested to visit the Honorary Secretaries' Stall, or they may regret having missed the opportunity for investment at most improved and low prices.

N.B.—The articles are so miscellaneous, that it would be utterly impossible to publish a catalogued list—an inspection, however, will satisfy the most fastidious that, from the Turtle Dove to the Tobacco-box, every article bears the genuine stamp of purity; and the limited space allotted to the proprietors, compel them to omit any classification. It is, therefore, necessary that an early visit should be made to secure the results of industry, perseverance, and artistic skill.

STALL, No. 5.

Luxurious slippers here may be seen,
Embroidered with wool, of scarlet and green;
Elegant cushions, for sofa, or chair,
Dolls dress'd quite gaily, with light, curling hair.
S. moking caps braided in orange and blue,
Made of superfine cloth, rich velvet too.
Expensive you say? Not they I am sure,
Come take one, they really are worth as much more.
However, look round, then surely you'll buy;
All here are for sale, to quit them we'll try.
Now of useful things, you'll find at this stall,
I mmense is the stock, so come one and all.
Capes, dresses, and pinafores, aprons, skirts,
S. fudy, collars and cuffs, white handkerchiefs, shirts.
I n fancy goods, knitted, netted, and sewn,
N one can surpass us, best make them your own.
S weet flowers from hot-house, garden and wood;
T he lily pure white, the blushing rose-bud.
I very tablets for memory's aid,
These with pencil complete, the best that are made.
U seful brushes, both for toilette and dust,
T hat are cheap at the price, 20 pence just.
I nkstands, pen-wipers, note-paper, which should
O n all desks be found, piteous and good.
N ext look at these foot-stools, work'd with great care

R ich in bright colours; then look at this chair.

O bserve well this cage of innocent doves,

Y es; are they not charming? Sweet little loves.

A t length, for the children there's something nice,

L ittle French bedsteads, and boxes of spice,

B ottles of scent; to then to suit people old,

A h here are strong purses for silver and gold.

Z ealous young fingers for a year, more or less,

A t work were engaged to insure our success.

A nd now to all friends, who honour the school-stall,

R ight welcome we give to Victoria Hall.

E. C.

STALL, No. 7.

MISS PENNY, MISS JACKSON, MISS HICK, and MISS HIRST, beg to call attention to their vast and splendid collection of useful and ornamental articles; all of which are marked at prices to suit purchasers. They flatter themselves that an inspection will insure them a very speedy sale of the greater portion of their stock. It comprises, amongst an endless variety of other things—

A choice assortment of Cabinet Furniture.

An elegant Tea Service.

Numerous requisites for intending housekeepers, including Ironmongery, never before sold at any Bazaar. Magical Portmanteaus, for young couples contemplating a month's travelling.

An immense quantity of Ladies' Wearing Apparel, home made, and of very superior quality.

Baby Linen of every description; long frocks and robes of most costly material and exquisite workmanship.

Gentlemen's Neck-ties, and several very strong Suspenders.*

Banner Screens, Hand Screens, Folding Screens, and Screens of every kind, but nothing that will require to be screened.

For Girls—Dolls of various sizes, elegantly and fashionably dressed.

For Young Ladies—Fortune Tellers, professing wonderful power and accuracy, who will foretell the most important events of life with as much accuracy as such events have ever been foretold by any of their race.

For small Boys—Bags of Marbles, but no marble bags.

Superb Smoking Caps for nice Young Gentlemen, and sweet Bachelors for their button-holes.

A profusion of splendid Cushions; several most elaborately ornamented Stools, Ottomans, Pincushions, and Work Baskets; all of which with an endless variety of articles, calculated to contribute to the comfort and happiness of every home, excepting perhaps the "Home" of the "Lyons."

N.B. Every article on this Stall is warranted to be what it really is; and should any purchaser afterwards discover that his purchase is something else, and prove the fact to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee, he will have his money returned to him with interest, and he at full liberty immediately, thereupon, to expend double the amount at this stall in the purchase of other goods for which he may have no occasion. A full and correct statement of the case will also be inserted in the *Bazaar Gazette*.

* Before using these articles, consult a Clerical friend.

STALL, No. 10.

MRS. LUCCOCK and MRS. BARR beg to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have commenced business at the above address, and have arranged ready for inspection and purchase a large, varied, and magnificent collection of useful and fancy Articles, at prices to defy competition.

But already under notice to quit, the whole must be cleared out in a few days.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!

Ladies and Gentlemen are entreated not to miss the opportunity now presented to them. An inspection of the Stock in hand will alone suffice to give any adequate idea of its beauty and extent!

The wants of all come will be immediately, cheaply, and effectively supplied.

Mrs. Lucock and Mrs. Barr would especially call attention to an elegant and superb Portfolio, in silver-mounted, carved, oak frame; this would form a great addition to a gentleman's library or a drawing room. Also, to several most lovely and novel designs in chairs, screens, cushions, vases, and a host of other articles, which must be seen to be properly appreciated!

The favor of a call is solicited. Come early, and observe the Address.

SCHOOL OF ART STALL.—No. 11.

LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS are respectfully, but very urgently, invited to inspect the collection of Statuary and Pictures at the School of Art Stall, including original water-color paintings; gems of ancient sculpture, modern French and Italian statuettes; bass-reliefs, in bronze, terra-cotta, and marble. Art applied to industry in alms. &c. &c. Embroidery and other productions of fair fingers; carvings in various materials; drawings and prints; photographs and many other graphs, including an autograph letter of John Ruskin, which must form part of any future biography of that great writer; and many other things quaint and curious, that must be seen to be appreciated. Fair prices marked in plain figures. G. H. NUSSEY, Treasurer.

HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, No. 4.

LYRICAL ODE on the Completion of the Building, Price 1d.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR

BY Her Majesty's Special Command Letters will be despatched from the

POST OFFICE,

To various parts of the Kingdom.

The Office will be open all hours of the day and night.

REFRESHMENTS.

A REFRESHMENT STALL will be placed in the Victoria Hall, where Ladies and Gentlemen can be supplied with Confectionaries, Jellies, Ices, Creams, Custards, Sandwiches, and Choice Wines, &c. &c., &c., and all will be found of the most *recherché* character.

TEA ROOM (Law Library).

Tea	s. d.
Cup	1 6
Cup of Tea or Coffee	0 6

LUNCHEON, SUPPER, & REFRESHMENT ROOM, (Barristers' Robing Room).

Dinner or Supper. Cold Meat, Salad, and Cheese	s. d.
Plate of Meat, with Bread	1 6
Soup, with Bread	0 6
Alc	per Glass 0 6
Sandwiches	each 0 6
Wines and Spirits, as per Carte	

LADIES' FANCY WORK, of all kinds, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

BERLIN, Fleecy, Shetland, Pyrenese, Lady Bettle, B Andalusian Wools, &c., at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' own Materials traced for Braiding, or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

CRESTS, Monograms, &c., designed and adapted for Ladies' Fancy Work, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' Fancy Work made up in the best styles, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

MARCELLA and Muslin Goods for Braiding or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

I. PICKARD, Designer, Manufacturer, and Importer of Ladies' Fancy Work, 13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR.

Mrs. DAWSON'S show Rooms are replete with a large, varied, and elegant assortment of PARISIAN NOVELTIES in Millinery, Ornaments, Jewellery, &c., specially adapted for the coming Fêtes; which are being offered at very moderate prices. The Millinery, Mantle, and Dressmaking Establishment, 10, Briggate, Leeds.

WILLIAM WINTER,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF

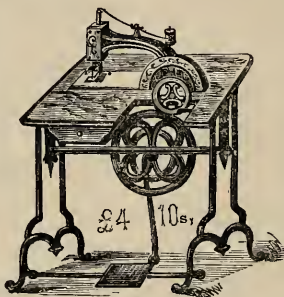
SEWING MACHINES,

7, SOUTH BROOK STREET, HUNSLET LANE, LEEDS.

THE CEASELESS DEMAND FOR WINTER'S £4 10s. SEWING MACHINE

Justifies the assertion that it is without exception the cheapest and best in the market. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details of its usefulness, suffice it to say that it makes the lock-stitch, has hemmer and tucker, and all the necessary tools included for £4 10s.

The manufacturer would call special attention to his newly invented & patented machine, which excels all



others for beauty, excellence of finish, *quietness of operation*, and its simplicity, which enables it to be thoroughly cleaned without the removal of a single screw. It will be wholly electro-plated, and mounted on *papier mache* table, supported on a beautifully designed iron framework. In addition to supplying all the requirements of a First-Class Family Sewing Machine, it will be found the

BEST MACHINE FOR THE ORNAMENTATION OF BOOT UPPERS.

DIAGRAMS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

19, UPPERHEAD ROW, LEEDS.

C. A. CLOUGH, Gold and Silversmith, Jeweller, Optician, Clock and Watchmaker, has always on hand a choice selection of

FASHIONABLE JEWELLERY;

Also a large assortment of Electro-Plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruet Frames, Spoons, and Forks, &c., &c.

REPAIRS of all descriptions promptly attended to.

THE ROYAL BOOT DEPOT,

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS,

ADVANTAGEOUSLY supplies every description of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

suitable for all purposes.

Note the Address—

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

H. ROGERS,

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S OUTFITTER,
17, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS,

(Three Doors from the Library) is now showing the NEWEST STYLES IN

STRAW AND SATIN HATS,

BONNETS, HOODS, DRESSES, PELISSES,

JACKETS, PINAFORES, ROBES, CLOAKS,

BABY LINEN, LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, CRINOLINES, PETTICOATS, CORSETS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, FEATHERS,

RIBANDS, PARASOLS, FALLS,

EMBROIDERIES, JACKETS, CHEMISETTES, TIES, BELT, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

The cheapest Stock in Leeds. Branch Establishment and Factory, opposite the Old Infirmary.

Price Sixpence.

TEMPLENEWSAM: its History and Antiquities; comprising an account of the Ancient Preceptory of Knights Templars, the baronial houses of Larcy, Lennox, Stuart, and Irwin. Together with an account of the modern mansion, and a catalogue of the most celebrated Pictures. By W. WHEATER. Printed and published by A. MANN, Central Market, Leeds, and sold by all Booksellers.

Just published, price Sixpence.

BLACK'S GUIDE TO LEEDS AND VICINITY, including Kirkstall Abbey, Bradford, Halifax, Harrogate, Wakefield, &c., with Plan of Leeds, and Chart of Environments.

Leeds: A. MANN, Central Market.

28, DUNCAN STREET, LEEDS.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, SILVERSMITH AND JEWELLER, Respectfully solicits an inspection of his Stock of **ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS, CUTLERY, &c.**

SEGARS! SEGARS! SEGARS!

IF you want a **REALLY GOOD SEGAR**, call at **T. CARWRIGHT'S**, 51, WOODHOUSE LANE. A very large selection of Fancy Pipes and WALKING STICKS.

GLOVE DEPOT, 62, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.

WALTER SENIOR solicits an inspection of his extensive Stock of Hosiery, Gloves, Berlin Wool Work, Banner Screens, Slippers, &c. Corsets from 2s. 11d.; Kid Gloves from 11d. per pair. Every size of Children's Hose and Gloves always in stock.

VISITORS TO LEEDS will find a **CHOICE STOCK OF HOME-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES** at **CHRISTOPHER SCURRAH'S**, 6, GREAT GEORGE STREET, six doors from the Exhibition.

Orders promptly attended to.

R. PEVELER, PORTMANTEAU, TRUNK, SAMPLE CASE, AND TRAVELLING BAG MANUFACTURER,
145, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

THE NEW THEATRE

FOR THE WEST RIDING.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE,

LEEDS BRIDGE.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, LESSEE AND MANAGER:

MR. COLEMAN.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Will compare favourably with the best in the kingdom, as regards arrangement, taste, and beauty of decoration, luxurious fitting, and all that contributes to the comfort and enjoyment of the audience."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"For convenience, elegance, and completeness, equal to any in the country."—*Times*.

"Worthy of a visit, if only to enjoy the sumptuousness and elegance of the place itself and to admire the richness and profusion of the costumes and the decorations."—*Express*.

"The new Theatre Royal, Phoenix-like, rises up from the ashes of the old one in all the splendour and magnificence of every modern appliance in regard to size, comfort, and space that an artistic taste could suggest, genius embody, and the liberal expenditure of capital culminate to a successful issue."—*Era*.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE EXHIBITION

with one of the

BEST COMPANIES IN THE KINGDOM.

ON WHIT-MONDAY,

AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

A New Drama, never acted on any stage, and written by Charles Reade and Dion Boucault, entitled

FOUL PLAY.

The part of **ROBERT PENFOLD**, by **MR. COLEMAN**.
HELEN ROLLESTON, by Miss **HENRIETTA SIMS**,
(specially engaged.)

The Piece will be produced under the immediate and general superintendence of the Author, **MR. CHARLES READE**.

The stage management and the mise-en-scene, invented by **MR. COLEMAN**.

The scenery by Messrs. **LENNOX, ROBINSON, and EGERTON**.

The machinery by **MR. L. JONES**.

The cast includes the entire strength of the Company.

Doors Open at Seven; commence at Half-past.

Box Plan, where Tickets and Places may be secured at **MR. ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN'S**, Music Warehouse Park Row.

VELVET BEAD WORK PINCUSHIONS,
at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Watch Pockets, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Bed Pockets, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Banner Screens, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Hand Banners, at I. PICKARD'S,
13 Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work, Wholesale, Retail, or Export, at
I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

VELVET BEAD WORK, one of the most effective and
durable kinds of Fancy Work, Designed and Manu-
factured at

I. PICKARD'S,

13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THOMAS VERITY, manufacturer of Marble
Mantle Pieces, Columns, Monumental Tablets,
Baths, Slabs, Mortars, Polished Granites, &c.

Wholesale Dealer in Register and Sham Stoves,
Ovens, Ranges, and Fixtures.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR

ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK.

also for

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL TILES,
for Pavements and Floors.

Show Rooms:—

8, GREAT GEORGE STREET,

Near the TOWN HALL;

Works, by Steam Power:

BENTICK STREET, SUNNY BANK, LEEDS.

JOHN WALES SMITH & SON,

TAILORS, HOSIERS, AND HATTERS,

32 AND 33, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

MILITARY OUTFITS.

LADIES' JACKETS AND HABITS.

All the Novelties in

HOSIERY, HATS, &c.

WM. & JNO. BICKERS,

7, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

RESPECTFULLY invite Ladies attending the
Royal Bazaar to visit their Establishment and
inspect their New Styles in

MANTLES, FICHU'S, FANCY DRESS MATERIALS,
Suitable for the Season;

BLACK and COLOURED SILKS,
PLAIN and FANCY REPPS, FOULARDS, POPLINS,
ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, CAMLETS,

TACKO CLOTHS, PRINTED CAMBRICS,
EMBROIDERED and TUCKED GORED SKIRTS,
New GIMPS, FRINGES, &c.

MILLINERY HATS, &c.

MOURNING and WEDDING Orders promptly executed.

AGENTS for the European Company's celebrated Lock-
Stitch Sewing Machine—price from 64 Guineas.

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES

AND STOVES,

in beautiful designs, at

HEAPS & ROBINSON'S,

IRONMONGERS, WHITESMITHS, TINNERS,

AND BELL-HANGERS,

TOP OF COOKRIDGE STREET,

WOODHOUSE LANE,

LEEDS,

acknowledged to be the

CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE

in the trade for

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES,

STOVE GRATES TO SUIT,

PATENT STOVES,

PATENT COOKING RANGES,

HOT WATER AND ALL KINDS OF

HEATING APPARATUS,

FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, ASHPANS, AND

ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS.

Experienced Workmen in every department.

Now Exhibiting at the INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,

King Charles' Croft,

E. K. HEAPS' PATENT

COMBINATION COOKING RANGE,

AND

THE PATENT

ECONOMICAL STOVE GRATE,

The most complete and efficient Stove yet invented.

N.B.—Two of the Combination Cooking Ranges may
be SEEN IN OPERATION at the NEW MECHANICS' INSTI-
TUTE, Cookridge Street.

CONSTANTINE & CO.,

CABINET MANUFACTURERS,

UPHOLSTERERS,

CARPET AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN,

SOUTH PARADE,

LEEDS.

BEG respectfully to solicit an inspection of
their New Business Premises, as above, acknow-
ledged to be among the most complete and extensive in
the country, where may be seen in Stock, and of the best
possible construction every article appertaining to

HOUSE FURNISHING, &c.

CARPETS OF EVERY MANUFACTURE,

Wholesale and Retail.

Lofty Furniture Store Rooms and }
Upholstery Manufactory, } PARK LANE.
(Built expressly for the purpose), }

Cabinet Manufactory and Timber }
Yard, } ALEXANDER ST.

THE STUDIO,

1, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

J. J. HOBBISS, PROPRIETOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN EVERY STYLE,

FROM THE

CARTE DE VISITE TO THE LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT

ON CANVAS,

Finished in Oil by one of the first Artists of the

day; or the inimitable

WATER COLOUR MINIATURE,

for Brooch or Souvenir.

MARK THE ADDRESS,

1, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

SEE

C H A R L E S P U L L A N ' S
NOVELTIES IN
JACKETS, MANTLES,
AND
S H A W L S .

THE CENTRAL SHAWL & MANTLE WAREHOUSE,
33, BRIGGATE (Corner of Boar Lane),
LEEDS.

N.B.—The above is the only Establishment in the country for the exclusive sale of Jackets, Mantles, and Shawls.

RENT BOOKS.—CARLTON'S Pocket Landlord's Rent Books, (Lithographed)

RENT BOOKS.—1/- 1/6
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RENT BOOKS.—3/- 3/6
4/- each.

RENT BOOKS.—By Post
1/1 1/7

RENT BOOKS.—2/1 2/8
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RENT BOOKS.—And 4/2
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RENT BOOKS.—Weekly, Fortnightly,
Monthly, Quarterly, & Half-
yearly Rents, & an Almanack
for Four Years.

RENT BOOKS.—CARLTON'S
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RENT BOOKS.—Tenant's
Rent Books,

RENT BOOKS.—1d. each, 6d.
per doz., 5s. per
gross.

RENT BOOKS.—Designed and published by
T. CARLTON, Estate Agent, Great
George Street, opposite the Town
Hall, Leeds.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS & NEWSAGENTS

ROYAL BAZAAR, VICTORIA HALL, LEEDS.

PROGRAMME OF PERFORMANCES
ON FRIDAY, MAY 29TH, 1868.

SPENCER'S BAND,

Which had the honour of playing before His Royal Highness THE PRINCE OF WALES, at Temple Newsam, May 19th.

1. OVERTURE.... "La Dame Blanche" Boteldieu.
2. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ.... "Stars of the West" Montague.
3. MAZURKA "Bridal Wreath" Coote.
4. ANDANTE AND WALTZ.... "Guards" D. Godfrey.
5. SOLO CORNET..... "Whirlwind Polka" Levy.
6. QUADRILLE "Pretty Bird" Coote.
7. OVERTURE "Fra Diavolo" Auber.
8. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ "Ada" Farmer.
9. QUADRILLE..... "Adele de Pois" Borio.
10. SOLO CLARINETTE..... Mr. RICHARDSON. Richardson.
11. INTRODUCTION AND POLKA, "Robin Hood" Farmer.
12. SELECTION "Trovatore" Verdi.
13. VAR. FOR PICCOLO AND CLARINETTE.
14. OVERTURE "William Tell" Rossini.
15. WALTZ "La Traviata" Montague.
16. GALOP "Hedwellyn" Marriot.
17. DANISH MARCH AND WALTZ, "Princess Alexandra" Coote.
18. QUADRILLE..... "Therian" Jullien.
19. SOLOS FOR PICCOLO, CLARINETTE, CORNET, AND TROMBONE.
20. GALOP..... "Hilda" D. Godfrey.
21. GALOP..... "Pick and Flock" Hertel.
22. "God Save the Queen."

LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTE AND LITERARY SOCIETY.
NEW BUILDING.

The Premises in South Parade will be finally Closed on Saturday Evening Next, the 30th May.

The READING ROOM at the NEW BUILDING in Cookridge Street, will be ready for the use of Members and Subscribers, on MONDAY MORNING, the 1st June.

New Members and Subscribers admitted at any period of the year.

Leeds, 28th May, 1868.

H. WARDMAN, }
W. J. NEILD, } Hon. Secs.

THE GRAND ORGAN.—By DR. SPARK.

- From Twelve to One.
1. OVERTURE to "William Tell" Rossini.
 2. ENGLISH NATIONAL SONG, "The Death of Nelson" Brahms.
 3. CAVATINA E CORO, "Casta Diva" (Norma) Bellini.
 4. ANDANTE, "The Hymn of Nuns" Legouve Wey.
 5. MARCH OF PRIESTS, "Eli" Costa.
- From Eight to Nine.
1. NOTTURNO, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn.
 2. AIR, "The Mortal's Song" (Oberon) Weber.
 3. The celebrated "Echo Song" Bishop.
 4. "May no rash intruder" Handel.
 5. OVERTURE to the Opera "Martha" Flotow.

NOTICES.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR.

IN consequence of the generally expressed wish, and the great number of visitors to the Bazaar, the Committee will endeavour to arrange for its continuance on SATURDAY.

The terms of admission, this day (Friday), will be,—

From 12 to 6 . . . 1 6
" 6 „ 10 . . . 1 0

LEEDS, May 29th, 1868.

TO STALL-KEEPERS. — Advertisements respecting the disposal of the remaining stock of goods, must be sent to the Post-office, before six o'clock this Evening, and paid for.

TOMORROW (Saturday) will be published an entirely new number of "The Royal Bazaar Gazette." It will contain the earliest and latest Telegraphic Intelligence; conclusion of "The Dog Collar;" leading and other articles; every information as to the Bazaar, to which it forms a complete Hand-book; together with other news of interest.

The back Numbers of "The Royal Bazaar Gazette" may be had at the Office.

All articles which may be found in the Hall to be brought to the Post-office.

OUR FRONTPIECE.

DEAR SIR, When you applied to me for a frontispiece to the paper, you merely said that you should like me to design something from my head, which might, in some

way, illustrate this title, "Leeds Royal Bazaar Gazette." I supposed the three owls might represent Leeds; a procession of sovereigns, royalty; and a few pretty faces, the labourers in the Bazaar.

Why the Leeds arms appears as you see it, is explained by the accompanying letter.

As to the immense procession of sovereigns; may the committee realise my imaginings.

I should have preferred drawing the stall-holders from the ladies themselves, but had not time. I suppose them, however, to be

"More fair than any mortal things;"

as Park or Mr Ramsden sings; I, therefore, send some heads with wings, with bonnets and with bonnet strings, the fashion of some future springs, when ladies are at home.

Yours truly,
THOS. SUTCLIFFE.

W. J. Neild, Esq.

The College of Heralds may object to my appearing as represented in the frontispiece; but what do I care for the College, or what does the College care for me?

I have had more to do with the "LEEDS ARMS" than Garter himself. Fortune placed me first on the upper story, high above the "STARS," with "SUPPORTERS" on both sides.

From thence I was soon led to consider the "SHEEP" in the "FIELD" below.

Some call it the "FLEECE," and say that it represents the woollen trade of the town.

But what has a sheep's head, tail, and trotters to do with cloth-making? and if it were only a fleece, that would represent the tanners as effectually as the clothiers. But if you would understand any more about fleecing, perhaps you had better consult your lawyer.

I maintain that it is a sheep, and an extraordinary one, too; for what sheep was ever seen in a "FIELD" with a broad gold band round it.

I was no sooner able to read "PRO REGE ET LEGE," than I began to use my wits for the benefit of both. In the first place, I was led to consider that a State coach was a more effectual shield than half a pan lid, so, having procured a vehicle to my mind, I yoked the sheep, stepped

inside my carriage, and ordered my supporters to jump up.

During the days your bazaar remains open, I hope to visit the hall several times, and leave with you a number of those European sovereigns which our countrymen so highly esteem.

Yours truly,

JOSSEY HULLARTS.

To the President of the Mechanics' Institution.

STATUARY IN THE ROYAL BAZAAR.

To the Editor of the Royal Bazaar Gazette.

SIR,—Will you allow me, for public reasons, to invite the attention of art lovers to a collection of statuettes and busts from the antique and modern sculpture, now forming part of the School of Art Stall in the Royal Bazaar at the Town Hall. Without wishing in the slightest possible degree to detract from the many wonderful things in the several stalls (and amongst other work I do think the specimens of needlework and woolwork are both curious and wonderful), the sculpture is of such a character as deserves the attention of all who are fortunate enough to be able to tell a piece of right good honest art from poor and feeble imitations. It is seldom or never that people have an opportunity of buying such casts as these out of London or Paris, and it has never been my experience to see any more beautifully finished, or so perfect a collection of antique productions as have been sent to this stall, either in the provinces or London. It includes many of the choicest French statuettes also, and they are all so prepared as to be little liable to injury. If any art lover desires a bit of sculpture to give a wholesome effect of light and shade in his rooms or hall, I am willing to stand out-sponsor for the excellence of these works, which the public are invited to buy.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

WALTER SMITH.

Leeds, May 26th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Royal Bazaar Gazette.

SIR,—The visitors to the Royal and Imperial Bazaar will not omit to give particular attention to the Gentlemen Honorary Secretaries' Stall, No. 4, which contains an unrivalled collection of beautiful objects, from a pen to a pedestal. The fair attendants offer their objects at very moderate prices. There are Art Union engravings, oil and water colour paintings, of rare value and excellence; books, by standard authors, in prose and verse, and compositions on the spot *ad lib.* There is a weighing, and measuring, and

guage of mental calibre machine in a corner, which must not be overlooked; and if I attempted to describe the waistcoat palpitations and throbbing bosoms I saw on all sides, I am afraid many will be inclined to tremble for the victories Hymen will achieve. But it is all for love and "lang-syne," and good will blow to somebody, and the best gainer of all will be the New Mechanics' Institution Building, which will, in all likelihood, drop the load of debt from its back, and stand in free, solid, sublimity. And if the grand money offerings should take the hearts of many kind hearted loving ladies, and noble-souled generous bachelor gentlemen with them, and throw them from cold icy singleness into the balmy, basking sunshine of connubial blessedness, what mortal sin will there be in that?

Memory will brighten o'er the past,
As when the sun conceal'd
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

Amen!—so be it.

Yours truly,

A LADY SLAYER.

To the Editor of the Royal Bazaar Gazette.

SIR,—Having had considerable experience in the management of bazaars, I could not refrain going to see the one conducted by the committee of the Mechanics' Institution, at the Town Hall. I went, expecting to see a great show, but, I must confess, I was astonished at the very magnificent display of goods, and it certainly is highly creditable to the ladies of Leeds that such a collection of articles has been brought together. I have never seen such an array, not even in the metropolis.

The mayoress's stall is very attractive in the centre; and, on going round, I must confess (although I do not like to make any invidious distinctions), that Mr. Ludolf's display thoroughly delighted me. The number of valuable articles, such as screens, worked chairs, stools, cushions, oil paintings, photographs, which, by the way, the one of the New Mechanics' Institution must find a ready sale, no member of the committee or friend to the institution should be without one.

Then, again, the display of plants, and dolls of all nations, so bewildered me with their variety, richness, and quantity, that in order to get home with a few pence in my pocket, I was compelled to leave the Bazaar. There is no wonder at the receipts reaching £1,100 first day, if all the stalls had such a display as I saw at Mr. Ludolf's stall, No. 3. I shall certainly recommend all my friends to visit your great fancy fair.

Believe me, truly,

Yours sincerely,

May 27th, 1868.

JAMES ROBOHNS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mus. Doc.—The "Variations on the Harmonious Blacksmith," arranged by our organist, are not to be published under the title of "Sparks from the Anvil."

B. A. A.—Your question as to whether that part of our borough crest, termed the "Fleece," portrayed in our frontispiece, is intended to represent the operations carried on in the Bazaar, would be met with (h)owls of derision.

O. J. C.—Certainly: after the Bazaar, any lady would be allowed to wear artificial hair behind, had she none (chignon) before.

A CONSTANT READER.—The Bazaar committee have decided to admit the public free to any part of the house, except the pit stalls and dress circle.

O. K.—The individual who had the cheek to offer to purchase the beautiful waxen image from Stall No. 2, on credit, has since been suffering severely from tick-doll-oreaux.

N. O. G. O.—We should recommend the "Yorkshire Sauce;" if you want the real thing, get a bottle from one of the stalls without paying for it. If you survive let us know the result.

Royal Bazaar Gazette.

LEEDS, MAY 29th, 1868.

A GOSSIP ABOUT TUMBLERS.

I AM not going to favour my readers with an essay on the gentlemen in tight, who amuse the youthful at street corners and elsewhere by changing their bodily presentations into the form of cart-wheels; who stand on their head; who take comprehensive views of humanity from between their knees; who toss about rolled up like balls; who perpetrate wonderful somersaults, and do many other things which the wisest amongst us have looked at with admiration many a time. However interesting the histories of the acrobatic tribe, I am not the person, nor are you the persons, to care greatly about them now. Besides, I have graver work to do. I have to discuss other kinds of tumbling, not half so respectable as those alluded to above.

POLITICAL TUMBLING is a national vice. It originates in selfishness, grows glaring in times of fierce political fight, and upsets the best calculations of the best men. Persons who indulge most in it are generally the loudest in proclaiming their noble consistency, matchless zeal, and immaculate purity of motive. Sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals—they rave of honesty with which they have no kinship. Of the "political tumbler" we may say—

"No Deist and no Christian he,
No Whig, no Tory;
He grew so clever that to be
Nothing, was all his glory."

There is only one key to the political tumbler's heart, and it is a golden one. He grows only under metallic influences.

He is always willing to sell his pig, if he has one, to an electioneering agent—not pig-iron, my dear readers, but the grunting quadruped. During election times everything about his residence rises in value. His dog (as great a cur as its owner) is suddenly discovered to be of the purest breed and of matchless sagacity. His cat is a phenomenon in nature; her skin would be worth a hundred at least to the British Museum. His pictures, which Atkinson Grimshaw would call teatray daubs, are gems, and have a peculiar fitness for the adornment of an M.P.'s residence. Himself, the tumbler, is a consistent member of a great political party "which shall be nameless" says he, with a knowing wink, and "would the gentleman (the bribing agent) like to look round his little place?" Of course the gentleman looks round. Then politics are talked a little, and the sale of a "gem," or the cat, or the dog, or the easy chair is discussed for a little time, and then there is a chink—chink—chink—as of golden sovereigns being dropped into a hand very willing to grasp them, and then all is over. The great political party is no longer nameless. The doubtful one has become a decided character. He is an enthusiastic supporter of that illustrious family whose son and hope is buying his way into Smokington, and will continue to be one until the—opposition agent buys another "gem" at a higher price. This is no less true than sad a picture. And there are political tumblers and political tumblers. Do we not know shopkeepers who dare not offend a certain rich customer? Have we not heard of lawyers who dare not let their best client be on "the other side?" What about ambitious men seeking offices, good men goaded to wrong-doing by grim necessity, and bad men who glory in their shame? Political tumbling is a contemptible vice, and men who indulge in it are contemptibly vicious. The villainy that will take a bribe will do other things as despicable. Dereliction of duty in one relationship taints the whole nature with an evil virus. The scoundrel who will sell his vote will sell his soul if he can realize a tangible *quid pro quo*.

SOCIAL TUMBLING is another vice worth noting. I mean that peculiar falsehood of conduct, which always leaves those about us uncertain whether we are their friends or foes. Social tumblers are terrible pests. They are idle people, with a diabolically active tendency. From house to house the social tumbler goes, pitying Mrs. Brown on the shameful insult that lady met with last night from Mrs. Jones; and then, in ten minutes, assuring that lady "that Mrs. Brown is very untruthful, dear," and communicating every item, with gorgeous embellishments, of the conversation which the first named in-

dulged in respecting the second. Now, I know a lady, a maiden lady, a lady of swarthy hue (she does not preside at a stall at the Bazaar), a lady, to whom lying comes as naturally as did her mother's milk, who, the other day, told a friend of mine a tale about myself. When I heard it, I confess I laughed, although there was a very little wound inflicted on me: but when I met the tale-teller in Bond-street, yesterday, beaming with smiles, and anxiously inquiring "if the pain in my side was better, she had been so anxious," I thought that the possessed of old, would be easier subjects to cast devils out of than my swarthy friend. And this sort of tumbling is, I fear, increasing. Society is shamelessly artificial. The friendliness of social life is of a false, electro-plated sort. Out upon it!

RELIGIOUS TUMBLING is, however, the most hateful. That curious politeness to the Almighty which breaks out into broadcloth, white-choker, and broad-brimmed hat, is awfully disgusting. A very celebrated writer says "The religion of England is a part of good breeding. When you see a well-dressed Englishman enter his church or chapel and put his face for silent prayer into his smoothly-brushed hat, you cannot help thinking how much the national pride prays with him, and the religion of a gentleman. So far is he from attaching any meaning to the words, that he believes himself to have done almost the generous thing, and that it is very condescending in him to pray to God." A great duke once said, on the occasion of a victory in the House of Lords—"That he thought the Almighty God had not been well used by them, and that it would become their magnanimity after so great successes to make a proper acknowledgment of them." We cling in this country to the last rag of form and cant better than any people on the face of the globe; and what are forms and canting but "tumbling," posturing to please ourselves first, and possibly the Almighty afterwards? Emerson properly asks, "What is so odious as the polite bows to God in our newspapers and books? The religion of the day is very much of a theatrical Sinai, in which the thunders are supplied by the property man." This is wholly wrong. And yet, however hypocritical we may be, it is unpleasant to hear of it from abroad. Is it not, however, worth while to set a better and nobler fashion? The substitution of semblances for realities is one of Satan's staled tricks. Let us cast off all make-believes. Let us be as we seem and seem only as we really are. Let us remember that the most vulgar sinner in Little Bethel, whose soul has been saved by the grace of God, stands better in the eyes of heaven than the most highly educated religious tumbler who was

ever put through his training by Dr. Pusey. Let us remember, finally, that God is Truth, and that they that worship Him must worship Him in Truth, if they would manifest to the world "the very beauty of holiness." These three varieties of tumbling are repulsive enough Heaven knows, but this last is the most atrocious. I hope that the Town Hall has witnessed none of them during these Bazaar days.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

First day's sale of season and day tickets; sale of goods and *Gazette*; proceeds of the Album at Mrs. Ludolf's stall; Post-office; and refreshment stalls, £191 18s. 6d.

Second day's receipts, including admittances, £722 12s. 11d.

Third day's receipts, including admittances, £639 4s. 0d.

No return from the School of Art Stall.

The stall-keepers were:—

1. The Mayores (Mrs. Fairbairn), Mrs. W. B. Denison, Miss Annesley, Miss Loraine, and Miss Fairbairn.

2. Mrs. Dickinson, Miss Berry, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Cornock, Miss Conyers.

3. Mrs. Ludolf, Mrs. Tatham, Mrs. Unna, Miss Tounley, Miss Walker.

4. Gentlemen Honorary Secretaries' Stall—Mrs. Wardman, Miss Norwood, Miss Speck, Miss Outhwaite.

5. Educational Institute Stall—Miss Ash, Mrs. Dayson, Miss McCombe, Miss Brambles, Miss Tyas, Miss Hardy, Miss F. Hardy.

6. Refreshment Stall—Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Craven, Mrs. John Craven, Mrs. Addyman, Miss Addyman, Miss Ann Addyman, Mrs. Gaunt, Miss Gaunt, Mrs. H. Inchbold, Mrs. Jefferson, Miss Walley.

7. Subscribers' Stall—Miss Penny, Miss Jackson, Miss Hick, Miss Hirst, Miss Kate Jackson, Miss L. Penny, Miss Walker.

8. Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Fraser, Misses Howe, Misses Middleton.

9. Mrs. G. Taylor, Mrs. S. Taylor.

10. Mrs. Luccock, Mrs. Barr.

11. School of Art Stall—Mrs. O. Nussey, Misses Varley, Mrs. Walter Smith.

Supplementary Stall—The Misses Ash.

Post Office.—Post Master, Mr. Lowe, assisted by Miss Lowe, Miss Emily Lowe, Miss F. Harrison, Miss Ross, and Miss Lee.

BRAIN LABOUR.—To many persons it seems a small thing to sit down and prepare matter for the periodical press; but let those inexperienced with the pen, and whose brains have never been trained to systematic labour, attempt to furnish intellectual food and recreation to their fellows, and they will soon realise that mental labour is the most destructive to health of all other toil. Were one to grub stumps out of the earth, or sling the sledge-hammer twelve hours a day, he would be able to stand the drudgery with less injury to the body and soul than half the number of hours devoted to mental employment in the way of writing matter for the book or newspaper press. Those puffy articles which constantly appear in the periodicals of the day contain the very essence of mind or thought, and such literary gentlemen as are the best at it, are the first whose constitutions are broken down.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

Poet's Corner.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE UNION OF THE MECHANICS' AND LITERARY INSTITUTION.

In 1840 the Mechanics' Institution (founded in 1824) took possession of the late building—purchased by the proceeds of two Polytechnic Exhibitions. The Mechanics were thriving, while, at the same time, the existing Literary Institution (established 1836) did not succeed, on account of expenses. A proposition to unite the two was much discussed, and much opposed; but being carried in 1842, it gave rise to the following lines, as near as can be remembered, no copy known to be remaining. The reproduction will perhaps be excused on account of the interests now involved.

In smoky Leeds there lived a gent,
Most thoroughly o' business bent,
A manufacturer he;
One of a firm of much renown,
Well famed for worth throughout the town,
Science & Company.

Felt oft times somewhat odd—a lack!
Tho' able well to clothe his back
And keep his stomach full;
Yet, still, a curious luck he had—
Well-housed, well-fed, and eke well-clad,
He yet was somewhat dull.

A lady fair in Leeds too dwelt,
To whose charms many a suitor knelt,
And bask'd beneath her smile;
Her talents—Literary named,
Both far and wide were loudly famed,
Yet stood alone the while.

Not that the lady really would
Chose hence to stand, as thus she stood;
And if you ask me why,
For many a reason, surely sound—
Most weighty this, the fair one found
Housekeeping rather high.

And 'tis not good to be alone;
This truth hew many a one can own,
And Science owned it too.
Besides, we all are growing old,
And when hot days, and nights when cold,
'Tis worse for one than two.

At length it struck a "Mutual Friend"
That much the case of both would mend,
If these two went together,
And Science joined to Literature,
Like strength to beauty joined, would sure
Be a right loving tether.

And so an introduction came,
And both felt "very queer"—the same
As those who dream of bliss—
Till Science rap'd out that "he would
Really so like; if so, she could
But join a smile—to yes."

And he looked up, and she looked down—
They talked, and walked, till all the town
Had set it down a match.
While many a whisper, nod, and wink,
Began to show that folk did think
It was a lucky catch.

Then came shrewd hints of terms, and time,
And stock, and funds, and things that rhyme
Can scarcely now relate.

And friends, as usual, disagreed;
Some thought the thing would not succeed,
Tho' why, they scarce could state.

Then troubles came of State and Church,
That seemed as tho' 't would leave a lurch
Of fate, instead of love.

And "true love never does run smooth,"
So these had ups and downs, forsooth!
Like matches made above.

Until at length the knot was tied,
And Science won his blushing bride,
Thro' much deep tribulation;
Which leaves them now right snug, content,
And bent to love, each other bent—
A glorious consummation.

And so at length—betwixt, between,
Long may we sing, Long live the Queen,
And thrive the Institution,
For generations yet unborn,
A loving mother to the lorn,
Bounteous in contribution

Of arts and science, learning, skill,
And all that keeps our youth from ill,
And gives them wholesome food
For mind and body; exercise,
That tends to make them truly wise,
And leave them truly good.

Dear reader, it is twenty-six
Years since this wretched rhyming fix
Saw light; and still right fair
The Institution has advanced
For good; and be it still enhanced
By aid of this Bazaar.

H. J.

DROPPING THE H.—AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

A certain village pedagogue
Who dealt in birch and rustic learning,
Who used to teach and scold and flog,
His sustentation thereby earning.

Taught grammar, among other things,
And here I'll make an observation—
That in my mind, the subject brings—
I mean the subject education.

'Tis this—that boys too much are taught
Their Latin and their Greek to stammer,
And so to scarcely give a thought
To their neglected English grammar.

But here 'twas not so, nor did he
Teach only bits of every "ology,"
As some folks do, but properly
Instructed them in Etymology.

And thus one morning he was on
That part of speech some term a particle,
Interrogating one by one
His bumpkin pupils on the article.

He said—"you drop the H, take care,
"In honor, honest, hospital,
"In humor, humble, herb, and heir,
"In hour, and—yes, I think that's all."

Meantime the hour of noon was past,
And as he had his dinner brought him,
"Well, you may go," he said at last,
And of his inner man bethought him.

But though when brought, the meat was hot,
And steam'd indeed most tempting vapours,
'That cooled on being thus forgot;
And it was mutton boiled, with capers.

"Here Ralph, my boy," he said, "come here,
"My dinner's cooled, so you just take it,
"And *hear* it at yon cottage near,
"And mind—there's a grave, so don't shake it."

So Ralph set off, but after he
Had been some time without returning,
'Twas plain for any one to see
The master felt an inward yearning.

So off he set; but oh! ill luck!
He found young Ralph, that graceless sinner
Upon a fallow gum-tree stuck,
And eating his—the master's dinner.

"What are you doing sir," he cried,
In angry tone, and sudden stopping?
With knowing look the boy replied,
"Why please sir, 'tis the H I'm dropping."

J. E. N.

The Bachelors' Corner.

PETER SINGLE'S ESCAPE FROM MATRIMONY.—
"We are liable to disappointments," says my aunt,
with a sigh. "True, we are," I answered, "but
you surely don't pretend to call mine a disappoint-
ment?" "What else, you blockhead?" "Why,
an escape, aunt,—a wonderful, miraculous, and de-
lightful escape." "Why, these words are strange,
Peter." "No more strange than true, my good
aunt, and every day's observation. Merely peeping,
aunt,—looking into the secrets of their hearts—the
secrets and houses of those that are married—and I
thought then of the true blessings of liberty. 'Tis
a gift of Heaven bestowed upon man by his divine
Creator; and all animated beings, free from the
thralldom of slavery, sing together for joy—for why?
—because they are free." "Why, Peter, you seem
inspired!" "I am, aunt, when speaking of liberty."
"Then you don't regard the loss of Dolly?" "Not
a fig—not a fig—Did you ever hear of the reasons
of our separation, aunt?" "No." "Well, I will
tell it to you; 'tis an excellent joke, I assure you.
We were on our way to church, for the awful crime
of matrimony, trudging along the path leading to
the holy pile, quite loving and affectionate, when
all of a sudden Dolly looks up in my face, and cries,
"Peter, Peter." "What, Dolly," says I. "Peter,
who is to make the fire after we are married?"
"You, of course, Dolly," I replied; that, you must
be aware, is a female's place—her duty." "Mr
Single, I tell you that it is unmanly, ungentle-
man-like, and unhusband-like too, to say that I
must make the fire. And do you think that I will
get up on a cold frosty morning, while you are
sleeping in bed, and make your fire, sir?" "Why,
Dolly, my dear, this is strange conduct;" and I
went on to tell her that I would prepare the wood
over night, and everything ready for her; and,
Dolly, you know my business will call me out
early." "I don't know, nor I don't care, Mr. Single,
make the fire I will not." "You won't make the
fire, madam?" "No, sir." "Then, Dolly, hang
me if I have you." "Then, Mr. Single, hang me
if I care." And so we parted; yes, on the spot;
and I have rejoiced at the event ever since. I sign
myself, with great pleasure, *Peter Single*.

ANTI-GOUT.

NO ROASTING.—NO HOAXING.

AN ABYSSINIAN LEGACY.

Take ½lb. Martinique Coffee,
,, ½lb. Bourbon do.,
,, ½lb. Mocha do.,

Mix them well together without roasting, take
a dessert spoonful and put it in a tea-pot, pour
a large glass of cold water on it, let it infuse for 8
or 10 hours, and take a glass of it in the morn-
ing, fasting.

TO LILLIPUTIANS!

A nice place for Luncheon

TO BE LET, JANUARY, 1819,

A Farm of Nine Acres, with a good House,

known as

NEW CHEESECAKE HOUSE,

on the swiftly-glowing, sparkling river Aire,

contiguous to Leeds.

THROWING LIGHT ON THE SUBJECTS.

March 1, 1819.—Several lamps in Brigade,
were last week lighted with gas, and produced
a very brilliant effect. The remainder of the
posts will be erected in a few days.

August 21, 1823.—Hitherto the street lamps
have been only lighted during the intervals of
8 Moons in the year. In future they will be
lighted in the dark quarters of 9 moons, and
each lighting will continue 23 instead of 21
nights.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

A TRADING BRIDEGROOM.—After a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside most mysteriously, and whispered to him, "Can't you take the pay out in tatoes?"

An Irish gentleman was in company with a beautiful young lady, to whom he was paying his addresses; when, on giving a shudder, she made use of the common expression that some one was walking over her grave. Pat, anxious for every opportunity of paying a compliment to his mistress, exclaimed, "By the powers, madam, but I wish I was the happy man!"

SILENCE never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation.

A WRITER on swearing, says, that an oath from a woman is unnatural and discredit, and that he would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud.

The following is a good phrase, descriptive of an energetic character:—"Cromwell did not wait to strike until the iron was hot, but *made it hot by striking*."

"I AM now about to do for you what the Evil One never did by you," said a quaint parson in his valedictory address to his flock—"that is, I shall leave you."

WHEN bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than the pocket for worth, and search for temper beyond good humour for the moment, remembering that it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

A CANDIDATE, in the course of his canvass, called upon an inflexible democrat. On soliciting his vote, the out-and-outer replied, "Sir, I should sooner give my vote to the D—." "But," retorted the candidate, "in the event of your friend not offering himself, may I expect the favour of your support?" The other was nonplussed.

TELL-TALES are contemptible beings. To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in any other is a treason against society, which cannot too thoroughly be despised.

ACCUSTOM a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction; to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures, and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

"What a strange thing it is," remarked a Frenchman, after making the tour of Great Britain, "that you should have two hundred different religions, and only one gravity!"

HOW TO POLISH A YOUNG MAN.—We read in a Sheffield paper, that "the last polish to a piece of cutlery is given by the hand of a woman." The same may be said of human cutlery, that the last polish to a young blade is given by his mixing with female society."

THESE are times when the meeting of the past and the present is sensibly felt, from their strange contrast. We have all seen two rivers unite and flow on in peace, mingling their waters together so gradually, that the line of their junction can scarcely be told; but many have beheld two torrents rushing down in fury, like contending armies, and, for a time, struggling in a whirlpool, ere they blend and rush away.

THE MEANS OF HAPPINESS.—Seneca says: The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties towards God and man; to enjoy the present without any serious dependence upon the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it. "Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress. Nothing can make it less, for it is the state of human perfection; it raises us as high as we can go, and makes every man his own supporter; whereas, he that is borne up by anything else, may fall. He that judges aright and perseveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm; he takes a true prospect of things; he observes an order, measure, a decorum in all his actions; he has benevolence in his nature, he squares his life according to reason, and draws to himself love and admiration. Without a certain and unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation; but "he that always wills, and wills the same thing, is undoubtedly in the right." Liberty and serenity of mind must necessarily ensue upon the mastering of those things which either allure or affright us, when, instead of those flashy pleasures (which, even at the best, are most vain and hurtful together), we shall find ourselves possessed of joys transporting and everlasting.

"MAN PROPOSES AND GOD DISPOSES."—A maiden lady of our acquaintance objects very strenuously to the first part of this proverb: for she says the men don't propose.

A GENTLEMAN who has occasion to walk with two ladies, with one umbrella, should always go in the middle—that secures a dry coat to himself, and is showing no partiality to either of the ladies.

CRITICISM OF ART.—A small crowd gathered before a window recently, to admire the figure of a cat that was there, as if for public inspection. Nearly everyone was delighted with its likeness to life. "But still," said Augustus, "there are faults in it; it is far from perfect; observe the defect in the fore shortening of that paw, now; and the expression of that eye, too, is bad; besides, the mouth is too far down under the chin, while the whiskers look as if they were coming out of her ears. It is too short, too." But, as if to obviate this defect, the figure stretched itself and rolled over in the sun. "It is a cat, I vow," said a bystander. "It's alive!" shouted an urchin, clapping his hands. "Why, it's only a cat, after all," exclaimed Mrs. Partington, as she surveyed it through her specs: but Augustus had moved on, disappointed that nature had fallen so short of his ideas of perfection in the manufacture of cats. But Augustus was quite as competent a critic as many others whose judgment of paintings leads the town.

SOME one called Sir Richard Steele the "vilest of mankind," and he retorted, with proud humility, "It would be a glorious world if I were."

PROUD men never have friends; either in prosperity, because they know nobody; or in adversity, because nobody knows them.

THE DOG COLLAR.

By J. E. N.

(Continued from No. 3.)

"How I wished I could die at that moment! I begged of him to kill me; for the dreadful fate of being condemned to witness hour after hour the changes which would pass over that face I had worshipped with a holy adoration, was terrible to think upon.

"Ashworth then left me for a while. He had fixed a small lamp against the wall of the drive, so that the light fell exactly on the dead Ethel's face, the calm solemn beauty of which at once fascinated and horrified me. Suddenly the breast slowly heaved, and the eyes opened. It was but for a moment; but their gaze rested on me, and the faintest quiver of a smile moved the parted lips. Then the jaw fell, the eyes closed, and I knew that she was dead!

"My brain wavers, as now I tell these horrors to you, and I see again, as I have thousands of times since seen, those sadly sweet and solemn eyes looking at me. I must have fainted, or perhaps, I slept. I cannot tell how the time went on, but when I woke, or came out of my swoon, I was still looking on the dead face. It might have been a day since I was brought there. I think it must have been, for the blood seemed to be dried and hardening. I was weak and exhausted, and exceedingly thirsty, and my wrists and ankles pained me very much.

"Presently, I heard Ashworth coming down the rope of the shaft, and I heard the rattle of what sounded like a chain. He came towards me, but spoke no word. He took from his pocket a bottle, and placing over my mouth a handkerchief, he allowed the fluid in the bottle to drop slowly upon it. The fluid was chloroform; and as I was quite unable to move, I soon began to feel myself growing insensible. When I came to myself, I was seated against a large mass of rock, with that collar you see in the case fastened round my neck. A strong chain passed from the collar to the rock, into which the end of the chain was securely leaded. By my side was bread, meat, water, and brandy; and the hunger and thirst from which I suffered caused me for a time to forget everything but the necessity of satisfying these imperative cravings. Then the misery of my situation came over me again, and I sat gazing at the dead face. I could not reach the body; Ashworth had taken care of that. Else would I have scooped a grave with my hands, and hid it from my sight. The face was still unchanged by decomposition, but I began to dread the approach of those inevitable alterations which would transform its rare beauty into loathsomeness. How I prayed that Ashworth would kill me. He timed his coming, however, with my food and drink and oil for the lamp, when I was asleep, so that, for six days—as far as I could calculate—I did not see him. By that time the changes I had so much dreaded had already commenced. Yet still the sight fascinated my gaze as before. I began to wish that my reason might leave me, and I thought it likely it would. At last, Ashworth came when I was awake. He brought my food and drink as usual; and, after putting them within my reach, he sat down a little distance from me. He looked at the now fearful sight and then at me; and as I met his eyes, I knew that he was intoxicated.

"You see," he said, "I have the most perfect confidence in you and my wife. I leave you together for days at a time, and have not the slightest fear of your becoming too intimate. Let us drink—drink, my friend. Come, let us be happy together; and he sang in a wild, mad strain, the *Il Segreto from Lucrezia Borgia*. Then he pulled from his jumper a bottle of brandy, and filling a panikin, he drained it to the bottom. Then he sang again, and then he drank the remainder of the brandy, meanwhile shouting, howling, singing, and imprecating in a manner totally different from his wont. Suddenly, he said, 'You shall kiss my wife again,' and leaping up, he held the body in his arms, while, with a knife, he cut the rope by which it hung.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Royal Bazaar Gazette.

No. 5.

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

MAY 30TH, 1868.

STALL, No. 2.

THE LADIES presiding at Stall, No. 2, have collected with magnificent energy, and produced with a total disregard of cost, an assortment of articles of such exquisite beauty and taste, combined with unquestionable utility, as will utterly defy competition. This varied Stock they have determined to clear out at reasonable prices, thus recognising a principle quite novel in Bazaar enterprise; at the same time equally serving the great cause of literature and education and largely benefiting their customers.

Confident in the manifold attractions of their Stall, the Ladies would not wish to be thought imprudent, but only request that their Stock may be seen, when insatiable longings, for some of the choice articles displayed, are sure to follow.

With their possession, the enjoyment shall not end, for a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever," and, even in sleep, the remembrance of Stall, No. 2, and its many glories, shall steal over them like "the soft, sweet, exquisite music of a dream."

N.B.—Trusting to a discerning and discriminating public, the Ladies of the above Stall feel sure that they have done their duty, and it only remains for their numerous friends to support them in their praiseworthy undertaking.

Neighbours and friends, both young and old,

to Number 2 repair.

Bring purses filled with notes and gold,

And freely spend it there.

GENTLEMEN HONORARY SECRETARIES'

STALL, NUMBER FOUR.

WARDMAN, NEILD, AND NORWOOD,

ASSISTED BY

MRS. WARDMAN,
MISS NORWOOD,
MISS ASH.

MISS SPECK,
MISS OUTWHAITE.

SUCCESSORS TO

CHILD AND NEILD,

GENERAL DEALERS in every variety of Goods suitable for every class in civilized life. The establishment was first opened during the great Bazaar in 1859. The senior partner in the old firm having retired, the business during the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th last, will be carried on by the new firm, assisted by a most efficient staff of Ladies, who are determined to dispose of the whole of their Stock of Goods before the end of the week. Members and Subscribers to, and friends of, the Institution in Cookridge Street, are earnestly requested to visit the Honorary Secretaries' Stall, or they may regret having missed the opportunity for investment at most unprecedented low prices.

N.B.—The articles are so numerous, that it would be utterly impossible to publish a catalogued list—an inspection, however, will satisfy the most fastidious that, from the Turtle Dove to the Tobacco-box, every article bears the genuine stamp of purity; and the limited space allotted to the proprietors, compel them to omit any classification. It is, therefore, necessary that an early visit should be made to secure the results of industry, perseverance, and artistic skill.

STALL, No. 5.

Luxurious slippers here may be seen,
Embroidered with wool, of scarlet and green;
Elegant cushions, for sofa, or chair,
Dolls dress'd quite gaily, with light, curling hair.
S moking caps brained in orange and blue,
Made of superfine cloth, rich velvet too.
Expensive you say? Not they I am sure,
Come take one, they really are worth as much more.
However, look round, then surely you'll buy;
All here are for sale, to quit them we'll try.
Now of useful things, you'll find at this stall,
I mmense is the stock; so come one and all.
Capes, dresses, and pinafores, aprons, skirts,
Studs, collars and cuffs, white handkerchiefs, shirts.
I n fancy goods, knitted, netted, and sewn,
None can surpass us, best make them your own.
S weet flowers from hot-house, garden and wood;
T he lily pure white, the blushing rose-bud.
I vory tablets for memory's aid,
These with pencil complete, the best that are made.
U seful brushes, both for toilette and dust,
T hat are cheap at the price, 20 pence just.
I nkstands, pen-wipers, note-paper, which should
O n all desks be found, plenteous and good.
N ext look at these foot-stools, work'd with great care

Rich in bright colours; then look at this chair.

O bserve well this cap of innocent doves,

Y es; are they not charming? Sweet little loves.

A length, for the children there's something nice,

L ittle French bedsteads, and boxes of spice,

B ottles of scent; then to suit people old,

A ll here are strong purses for silver and gold,

Z ealous young fingers for a year, more or less,

A t work were engaged to insure our success.

A nd now to o friends, who honour the school-stall,

R ight welcome we give to Victoria Hall.

E. C.

STALL, No. 7.

MISS PENNY, MISS JACKSON, MISS

HICK, and MISS HIRST, beg to call attention to

the vast and splendid collection of useful and ornamental articles; all of which are marked at prices to

attract purchasers. They flatter themselves that an inspection will insure them a very speedy sale of the

greater portion of other things. It comprises, amongst

an endless variety of other things.

A choice assortment of Cabinet Furniture.

An elegant Tea Service.

Numberless requisites for intending housekeepers, including

linen, never before sold at any Bazaar.

Magical Portmanteaus, for young couples contemplating

a month's travelling.

An immense quantity of Ladies' Wearing Apparel,

homemade, and of very superior quality.

Baby Linen of every description; long frocks and robes

of most costly material and exquisite workmanship.

Gentlemen's Neck-ties, and several very strong Sus-

pender's.

Banner Screens, Hand Screens, Folding Screens, and

Screens of every kind, but nothing that will require to

be screened.

For Girls—Dolls of various sizes, elegantly and fashion-

ably dressed.

For Young Ladies—Fortune Tellers, professing won-

derful power and accuracy, who will foretell the most in-

teresting events of life with as much accuracy as such

events have ever been foretold by any of their race.

For small Boys—Bags of Marbles, but no marble bags.

Superb Smoking Caps for wick Young Gentlemen, and

sweet bouquets for their button-holes.

A profusion of splendid Cushions; several most elaborately

ornamented Stools, Ottomans, Pincushions, and

Work Baskets; together with an endless variety of

articles, calculated to contribute to the comfort and

happiness of every home, excepting perhaps the "Home"

of the "Lyons."

N.B. Every article on this Stall is warranted to be what it really is; and should any purchaser afterwards discover that his purchase is something else, and prove the fact to the satisfaction of the Bazaar Committee, he will have his money returned to him with interest, and be at full liberty immediately thereupon to expend the amount at this stall in the purchase of other goods for which he may have no occasion. A full and correct statement of the case will also be inserted in the *Bazaar Gazette*.

• Before using these articles, consult a Clerical friend.

STALL, No. 10.

MRS. LUCCOCK and MRS. BARR beg to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have commenced business at the above address, and have arranged ready for inspection and purchase a large, varied, and magnificent collection of useful and fancy Articles, at prices to defy competition.

Being already under notice to quit, the whole must be cleared out in a few days.

NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED!!

Ladies and Gentlemen are entreated not to miss the opportunity now presented to them. An inspection of the stock in hand will alone suffice to give any adequate idea of its beauty and extent!!

The wants of all classes will be immediately, cheaply, and effectively supplied.

Mrs. Luccock and Mrs. Barr would especially call attention to an elegant and superb Portfolio, in silver-mounted, carved, oak frame; this would form a great addition to a gentleman's library or a drawing room. Also, several most lovely and novel designs in chairs, screens, cushion's, vases, and a host of other articles, which must be seen to be properly appreciated!! The favor of all is solicited. Come early, and observe the Address.

SCHOOL OF ART STALL.—No. 11.

LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS are respectfully, but very urgently, invited to inspect the collection of Statuary and Pictures at the School of Art Stall, including original water-color paintings, gems of ancient sculpture, modern French and Italian statuettes; bass-reliefs, in bronze, terra-cotta, and marble. Art applied to industry in albums, &c., &c. Embroidery and other productions of fair fingers; carvings in various materials; drawings and prints; photographs and many other graphs, including an autograph letter of John Ruskin, which must form part of any future biography of that great writer; and many other things quaint and curious, that must be seen to be appreciated. Fair prices marked in plain figures. G. H. NESSEY, Treasurer.

HONORARY SECRETARIES' STALL, No. 4.

LYRICAL ODE on the Completion of the Building, Price 1d.

ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR

BY Her Majesty's Special Command Letters will be despatched from the

POST OFFICE,

To various parts of the Kingdom.

The Office will be open all hours of the day and night.

REFRESHMENTS.

A REFRESHMENT STALL will be placed in the Victoria Hall, where Ladies and Gentlemen can be supplied with Confectionaries, Jellies, Ices, Creams, Cakes, Sandwiches, and Choice Wines, &c., &c., and all will be found of the most recherche character.

TEA ROOM (Law Library).

Tea	s. d.
1 6	
Cup of Tea or Coffee	1 6
	0 6

LUNCHEON, SUPPER, & REFRESHMENT ROOM,
(Barristers' Robing Room).

Dinner or Supper. Cold Meat, Salad, and Cheese	s. d.
1 6	
Plate of Meat, with Bread	1 0
1 0	
Supp. with Bread	0 6
1 0	
Alc	per Glass 0 2
Sandwiches	each 0 6
Wines and Spirits, as per Carte	

LADIES' FANCY WORK, of all kinds, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

BERLIN, Fleecy, Shetland, Pyrenean, Lady Bettle, Andalusian Wools, &c., at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' own Materials traced for Braiding, or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

CRISTS, Monograms, &c., designed and adapted for Ladies' Fancy Work, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

LADIES' Fancy Work made up in the best styles, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

MARCELLA and Muslin Goods for Braiding or Embroidery, at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

I. PICKARD, Designer, Manufacturer, and Importer of Ladies' Fancy Work, 13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THE ROYAL AND IMPERIAL BAZAAR. Mrs. DAWSON'S show rooms are replete with a large, varied, and elegant assortment of PARISIAN Novelties in Millinery, Ornaments, Jewellery, &c., specially adapted for the coming Fêtes; which are being offered at very moderate prices. The Millinery, Mantle, and Dressmaking Establishment, 15, Briggate, Leeds.

WILLIAM WINTER,

INVENTOR AND MANUFACTURER OF

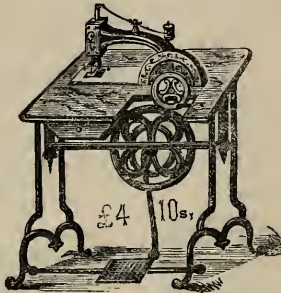
SEWING MACHINES,

7, SOUTH BROOK STREET, HUNSLET LANE, LEEDS.

THE CEASELESS DEMAND FOR WINTER'S £4 10s. SEWING MACHINE

Justifies the assertion that it is without exception the cheapest and best in the market. It is unnecessary to enter into all the details of its usefulness, suffice it to say that it makes the lock-stitch, has hemmer and tucker, and all the necessary tools included for £4 10s.

The manufacturer would call special attention to his newly invented & patented machine, which excels all



others for beauty, excellence of finish, *quietness of operation*, and its simplicity, which enables it to be thoroughly cleaned without the removal of a single screw. It will be wholly electro-plated, and mounted on *papier mache* table, supported on a beautifully designed iron framework. In addition to supplying all the requirements of a First-Class Family Sewing Machine, it will be found the

BEST MACHINE FOR THE ORNAMENTATION OF BOOT UPPERS.

DIAGRAMS AND PRICES ON APPLICATION.

19, UPPERHEAD ROW, LEEDS.

C. A. CLOUGH, Gold and Silversmith, Jeweller, Optician, Clock and Watchmaker, has always on hand a choice selection of

FASHIONABLE JEWELLERY;

Also a large assortment of Electro-Plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruet Frames, Spoons, and Forks, &c., &c.

Repairs of all descriptions promptly attended to.

THE ROYAL BOOT DEPOT,

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

ADVANTAGEOUSLY supplies every description of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

suitable for all purposes.

Note the Address—

71, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

H. ROGERS,

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S OUTFITTER,

17, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

(Three Doors from the Library) is now showing the

NEWEST STYLES IN

STRAW AND SATIN HATS,

BONNETS, HOODS, DRESSES, PELISSES,

JACKETS, PINAFORES, ROBES, CLOAKS,

BABY LINEN, LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, CRINOLINES, PETTICOATS, CORSETS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, FEATHERS,

RIBBANDS, PARASOLS, FALLS,

EMBROIDERIES, JACKETS, CHEMISETTES, TIES,

BELTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c.

The cheapest Stock in Leeds. Branch Establishment

and Factory, opposite the Old Infirmary.

Price Sixpence.
TEMPLENEWSAM: its History and Antiquities; comprising an account of the Ancient Preceptory of Knights Templars, the baronial houses of Larcy, Lennox, Stuart, and Irwin. Together with an account of the modern mansion, and a catalogue of the most celebrated Pictures. By W. WHEATER. Printed and published by A. MANN, Central Market, Leeds, and sold by all Booksellers.

Just published, price Sixpence.
BLACK'S GUIDE TO LEEDS AND VICINITY, including Kirkstall Abbey, Bradford, Halifax, Harrogate, Wakefield, &c., with Plan of Leeds, and Chart of Environs. Leeds: A. MANN, Central Market.

28, DUNCAN STREET, LEEDS.
WILLIAM HUMPHREY, SILVERSMITH AND JEWELLER, Respectfully solicits an inspection of his Stock of ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS, CUTLERY, &c.

SEGARS! SEGARS! SEGARS!
IF you want a REALLY GOOD SEGAR, call at T. GARTWRIGHT'S, 51, WOODHOUSE LANE. A very large selection of FANCY PIPES and WALKING STICKS.

GLOVE DEPOT, 62, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.
WALTER SENIOR solicits an inspection of his extensive Stock of Hosiery, Gloves, Berlin Wool Work, Banner Screens, Slippers, &c. Corsets from 2s. 11d.; Kid Gloves from 11d. per pair. Every size of Children's Hose and Gloves always in stock.

VISITORS to LEEDS will find a CHOICE STOCK of HOME-MADE BOOTS and SHOES at CHRISTOPHER SCURRAH'S, 6, GREAT GEORGE STREET, six doors from the Exhibition. Orders promptly attended to.

R. PEVELER, PORTMANTEAU, TRUNK, SAMPLE CASE, and TRAVELLING BAG MANUFACTURER, 145, BRIGGATE, LEEDS.

THE NEW THEATRE

FOR THE WEST RIDING.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE,

LEEDS BRIDGE.

SOLE PROPRIETOR, LESSEE AND MANAGER:

MR. COLEMAN.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Will compare favourably with the best in the kingdom, as regards arrangement, taste, and beauty of decoration, luxurious fitting, and all that contributes to the comfort and enjoyment of the audience."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"For convenience, elegance, and completeness, equal to any in the country."—*Times*.

"Worthy of a visit, if only to enjoy the sumptuousness and elegance of the place itself and to admire the richness and profusion of the costumes and the decorations."—*Express*.

"The new Theatre Royal, Phoenix-like, rises up from the ashes of the old one in all the splendour and magnificence of every modern appliance in regard to size, comfort, and space that an artistic taste could suggest, genius embody, and the liberal expenditure of capital culminate to a successful issue."—*Eva*.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE EXHIBITION

with one of the

BEST COMPANIES IN THE KINGDOM.

ON WHIT-MONDAY,

AND EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

A New Drama, never acted on any stage, and written by Charles Reade and Dion Boucault, entitled

FOUL PLAY.

The part of ROBERT PENFOLD, by Mr. COLEMAN.
HELEN ROLLESTON, by Miss HENRIETTA SIMS, (specially engaged.)

The Piece will be produced under the immediate and general superintendence of the Author, Mr. CHARLES READE.

The stage management and the mise-en-scene, invented by Mr. COLEMAN.

The scenery by Messrs. LENNOX, ROBINSON, and EGENTON.

The machinery by Mr. L. JONES.

The cast includes the entire strength of the Company.

Doors Open at Seven; commence at Half-past.

Box Plan, where Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN'S, Music Warehouse Park Row.

VELVET BEAD WORK PINCUSHIONS,
at I. PICKARD'S, 13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Watch Pockets, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Bed Pockets, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Binner Screens, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work Hand Banners, at I. PICKARD'S,
13, Commercial Street.

VELVET Bead Work, Wholesale, Retail, or Export, at
I. PICKARD'S 13, Commercial Street.

VELVET BEAD WORK, one of the most effective and
durable kinds of Fancy Work, Designed and Manu-
factured at

I. PICKARD'S,

13, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

THOMAS VERITY, manufacturer of Marble
Mantle Pieces, Columns, Monumental Tablets,
Baths, Slabs, Mortars, Polished Granites, &c.

Wholesale Dealer in Register and Sham Stoves,
Ovens, Ranges, and Fixtures.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR

ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK.

also for

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL TILES,
for Pavements and Floors.

Show Rooms:—

8, GREAT GEORGE STREET,

Near the TOWN HALL;

Works, by Steam Power:

BENTICK STREET, SUNNY BANK, LEEDS.

JOHN WALES SMITH & SON,

TAILORS, HOSIERS, AND HATTERS,

32 AND 33, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

MILITARY OUTFITS.

LADIES' JACKETS AND HABITS.

All the Novelties in

HOSIERY, HATS, &c.

WM. & JNO. BICKERS,

7, COMMERCIAL STREET, LEEDS.

RESPECTFULLY invite Ladies attending the
Royal Bazaar to visit their Establishment and
inspect their New Styles in

MANTLES, FICHU'S, FANCY DRESS MATERIALS,
Suitable for the Season;

BLACK AND COLOURED SILKS,
PLAIN AND FANCY REPPS, FOULARDS, POPLINS,
ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, CAMLETS.

TACKO CLOTHS, PRINTED CAMBRICS,
EMBROIDERED AND TUCKED GORED SKIRTS,
New GIMPS, FRANGES, &c.

MILLINERY HATS, &c.

MOURNING and WEDDING Orders promptly executed.

AGENTS for the European Company's celebrated Lock-
Stitch Sewing Machine—price from 6s Guineas.

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES

AND STOVES,

In beautiful designs, at

HEAPS & ROBINSON'S,

IRONMONGERS, WHITESMITHS, TINNERS,

AND BELL-HANGERS,

TOP OF COOKRIDGE STREET,

WOODHOUSE LANE,

LEEDS,

acknowledged to be the

CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE

In the trade for

MARBLE CHIMNEY PIECES,

STOVE GRATES TO SUIT,

PATENT STOVES,

PATENT COOKING RANGES,

HOT WATER AND ALL KINDS OF
HEATING APPARATUS,

FENDERS, FIRE-IRONS, ASHPANS, AND
ALL KINDS OF FURNISHING GOODS.

Experienced Workmen in every department.

Now Exhibiting at the INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,

King Charles' Croft,

E. K. HEAPS' PATENT

COMBINATION COOKING RANGE,

AND

THE PATENT

ECONOMICAL STOVE GRATE,

The most complete and efficient Stove yet invented.

N.B.—Two of the Combination Cooking Ranges may
be SEEN IN OPERATION at the NEW MECHANICS' INSTI-
TUTE, Cookridge Street.

CONSTANTINE & CO.,

CABINET MANUFACTURERS,

UPHOLSTERERS,

CARPET AND GENERAL WAREHOUSEMEN.

SOUTH PARADE,

LEEDS,

BEG respectfully to solicit an inspection of
their New Business Premises, as above, acknow-
ledged to be among the most complete and extensive in
the country, where may be seen in Stock, and of the best
possible construction every article appertaining to

HOUSE FURNISHING, &c.

CARPETS OF EVERY MANUFACTURE,

Wholesale and Retail.

Lofty Furniture Store Rooms and }
Upholstery Manufactory, } PARK LANE.
(Built expressly for the purpose), }

Cabinet Manufactory and Timber }
Yard, } ALEXANDER ST.

THE STUDIO,

1, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

J. J. HOBBISS, PROPRIETOR.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN EVERY STYLE,

FROM THE

CARTE DE VISITE TO THE LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT

ON CANVAS,

Finished in Oil by one of the first Artists of the

day; or the inimitable

WATER COLOUR MINIATURE,

for Brooch or Souvenir.

MARK THE ADDRESS,

1, COMMERCIAL STREET,

LEEDS.

SEE

CHARLES PULLAN'S
NOVELTIES IN
JACKETS, MANTLES,
AND
SHAWLS.

THE CENTRAL SHAWL & MANTLE WAREHOUSE,
33, BRIGGATE (Corner of Boar Lane),
LEEDS.

N.B.—The above is the only Establishment in the county for the exclusive sale of Jackets, Mantles, and Shawls.

RENT BOOKS.—CARLTON'S Pocket Landlord's Rent Books, (Lithographed)

RENT BOOKS.— 1/- 1/6
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RENT BOOKS.— 3/- 3/6
4/- each.

RENT BOOKS.— By Post
1/1 1/7

RENT BOOKS.— 2/1 2/8
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RENT BOOKS.— And 4/2
each, For

RENT BOOKS.— Weekly, Fortnightly,
Monthly, Quarterly, & Half-
yearly Rents, & an Almanack
for Four Years.

RENT BOOKS.— CARLTON'S
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RENT BOOKS.— Tenant's
Rent Books,

RENT BOOKS.— 1d. each, 6d.
per doz, 5s. per
gross.

RENT BOOKS.— Designed and published by
T. CARLTON, Estate Agent, Great
George Street, opposite the Town
Hall, Leeds.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS & NEWSAGENTS

ROYAL BAZAAR, VICTORIA HALL, LEEDS.

PROGRAMME OF PERFORMANCES
ON SATURDAY, MAY 30TH, 1868.

SPENCER'S BAND,

Which had the honour of playing before His Royal
Highness THE PRINCE OF WALES, at Templenewsam,
May 19th.

1. OVERTURE....."Zampa,".....Herold.
2. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ "Amy,".....Levy.
3. MARCH....."Prophete,".....Meyerbeer.
4. MAZURKA....."Nilka,".....Parodi.
5. SELECTION....."Barbier de Seville,".....Rossini.
6. SONG....."Tis the Harp in the Air,".....Maritana....
F. Wallace.
- Clarionetti with Harp Obligato, Messrs. Richardson
and Morray.
7. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ....."Amoretten Tanze,"...
Gungl.
8. SOLO CORNET POLKA....."Alexandra,"...Stendeburg.
MR. INOLEDEW.
9. OVERTURE....."La Moze di Figaro,".....Mozart.
10. GRAND BOLERO....."Sonnen de Cadix,".....Bostio.
Sole for Clarionetti and Cornet.
11. "War March of the Priests"—Athalia, Opera 74.....
Mendelssohn.
12. SELECTION....."Sonnambula,".....Bellini.
13. QUADRILLE....."Silly,".....P. Albert.
14. WALTZ....."Claribel,".....Coote.
Clarionetti Obligato.
15. GALOP....."Hevellyn,".....Marriott.
16. QUADRILLE....."Owl,".....Coote.
17. WALTZ....."Belgravia,".....D. Godfrey.
18. GALOP....."Mall Train,".....Coote.
19. INTRODUCTION AND WALTZ....."Sing, Birdie, Sing,"...
Marriott.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

NOTICE.

LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTION AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Premises in South-Parade will be finally closed on Saturday Evening, the 30th May.

The READING ROOM, at the NEW BUILDING in Cookridge-street, will be ready for the use of Members and Subscribers on *Monday Morning*, the 1st June.

New Members and Subscribers admitted at any period of the year.

The advantages offered in connection with the Institution are: a Reading Room and Library, supplied with Newspapers, Magazines, and New Books; Lectures during the Winter Months; Evening Classes for Young Men and Women, comprising all branches of elementary and advanced education, including the dead and modern Languages, Mathematics, and Chemistry.

The School of Art is the most complete in the Kingdom, and to those who wish for Art culture, offers great facilities in Elementary, Mechanical, Architectural, and Free Hand Drawing.

The Boys' and Girls' Schools are efficiently conducted, and have been reported most favourably upon by the Government Commissioner.

Full Syllabus may be obtained at the Institution.

TERMS:—

* Proprietary Member's Ticket, £2 at entrance, and	15s. per annum.
† Employer's Class	£5 do.
Subscribers	15s. do.
Persons receiving Weekly Wages, or Apprentices	12s. do.
Ladies	10s. do.
Persons under 18 years of Age	8s. do.
Ladies, being the Wives, Daughters, Mothers, or Sisters of Members or Subscribers, and resident in the same family...	5s. do.

* The Proprietary Right may be disposed of.

† This Ticket will admit 9 persons—the employer or one member of a firm, and 8 persons in his or their employ.

Members and Subscribers admitted at any period of the Year.

Leeds, 28th May, 1868.

H. WARDMAN, } Hon. Secs.
W. J. NEILD, }

The back Numbers of "The Royal Bazaar Gazette" may be had at the Office.

IF "CONSISTENCY"

will appear at the Town Hall this Evening, at Eight o'clock, the Lady Stall-holders will raffle for him, and put him in the bran tub as a curiosity.

C LARA.
O AKS.
N INA.
S ARAB.
I DA.
S OPHIA.
T HERESA.
E MILIE.
N ORA.
C AROLINE.
Y UANITA.

way, illustrate this title, "Leeds Royal Bazaar Gazette." I supposed the three owls might represent Leeds; a procession of sovereigns, royalty; and a few pretty faces, the labourers in the Bazaar.

Why the Leeds arms appears as you see it, is explained by the accompanying letter.

As to the immense procession of sovereigns; may the committee realise my imaginings.

I should have preferred drawing the stall-holders from the ladies themselves, but had not time. I suppose them, however, to be

"More fair than any mortal things;"

as Park or Mr Ramsden sings; I, therefore, send some heads with wings, with bonnets and with bonnet strings, the fashion of some future springs, when ladies are at home.

Yours truly,

THOS. SUTCLIFFE.

W. J. Neild, Esq.

OUR FRONTSPIECE.

DEAR SIR,

When you applied to me for a frontispiece to the paper, you merely said that you should like me to design something from my head, which might, in some

The College of Heralds may object to my appearing as represented in the frontispiece; but what do I care for the College, or what does the College care for me?

I have had more to do with the "LEEDS ARMS" than Garter himself. Fortune placed me first on the upper story, high above the "STARS," with "SUPPORTERS" on both sides.

From thence I was soon led to consider the "SHEEP" in the "FIELD" be'ow.

Some call it the "FLEECE," and say that it represents the woollen trade of the town.

But what has a sheep's head, tail, and trotters to do with cloth-making? and if it were only a fleece, that would represent the tanners as effectually as the clothiers. But if you would understand any more about fleecing, perhaps you had better consult your lawyer.

I maintain that it is a sheep, and an extraordinary one, too; for what sheep was ever seen in a "FIELD" with a broad gold band round it.

I was no sooner able to read "PRO REGE ET LEGE," than I began to use my wits for the benefit of both. In the first place, I was led to consider that a State coach was a more effectual SHIELD than half a pan lid, so, having procured a vehicle to my mind, I yoked the sheep, stepped inside my carriage, and ordered my supporters to jump up.

During the days your bazaar remains open, I hope to visit the hall several times, and leave with you a number of those European sovereigns which our countrymen so highly esteem.

Yours truly,

JOSSEY HULLARTS.

To the President of the Mechanics' Institution.

To the Editor of the Royal Bazaar Gazette.

Leeds, May 29, 1868.

SIR,

As the great Exhibition at the Royal and Imperial Bazaar, and all the splendid decorations in the Victoria Hall, will be closed to the public to-morrow evening, all persons, of all classes, who have not yet visited this grand fashionable Promenade and Fancy fair, should make all haste to do so, as there has not been such a rich and splendid display in the past; in all probability, its like will not be presented again this generation. Before the doors close and the curtain falls, permit an official to step to the front to express the heartfelt thanks of the Committee of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution, Literary Society, and Schools of Science and Art, to all the contributors, workers, and supporters from all classes, far and near, for all the generous and willing help they have given. "To Victory"—was the rallying cry; "crowned"—is the end! Every labour and sacrifice has been rewarded. New friendships made, and the old cemented. The song

of Love has triumphed, and the debt of grief, we sought to remove, will soon for ever hide its diminishing head. All thanks to all repeated.

Yours truly,

A HON. SECRETARY OF THE BAZAAR.

Royal Bazaar Gazette.

LEEDS, MAY 30th, 1868.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

OUR pleasing task, most courteous reader, is nearly over, and it only remains for us to thank you for the kind patronage you have given to our humble efforts to amuse and instruct you. If we have been successful, the recollection will last through life; and if we have failed, our consolation will be in the thought of having done our utmost to promote the interests of our beloved and valuable Institution—an institution, destined to promote the intellectual elevation of our fellow-men. God grant that the efforts of the Committee may never be relaxed, but that the brilliant success of this week may stimulate each and all to the achievement of deeds of valour, more glorious than the victories of the warrior, or the oratory of the statesman.

"Our triumphs letters, science, arts, and laws,
The good of all mankind our holy cause."

This day will not only be famous on account of the successful termination of our five days' fair, but memorable as the last day in our old home. At ten this evening, the building in South Parade will be no more the peaceful resort of our members; and although there is some sorrow in leaving the dear old place, our sorrow will be turned into joy with the magnificent accommodation in our new home. Twenty-seven years have passed away since the union of the two societies, and many of us can well remember the pride we experienced with the increased accommodation in South Parade, compared with that of the Literary Society, in the Commercial Buildings. How great, then,

will be our pride, when, at half-past eight next Monday morning, we throw open our doors in Cookridge Street for the aspirant after literary knowledge; and how great must be the satisfaction to our daily readers in our news-room, that our hopes have become a reality.

With many expressions of thankfulness for the splendid victory achieved by the beautiful army of ladies, during the four days campaign in the Victoria battle field, and with the sincere hope that no sorrow may ever dim the eyes of the fair beings who have so successfully accomplished the wishes of the past, is the last parting hope of the Editors of the *Royal and Imperial Bazaar Gazette*.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

First day's sale of season and day tickets; sale of goods and *Gazette*; proceeds of the Album at Mrs. Ludolf's stall; Post-office; and refreshment stalls, £1091 18s. 6d.

Second day's receipts, including admittances, £722 12s. 11d.

Third day's receipts, including admittances, £639 4s. 0d. and £2 4s 3d, making £241 8s. 3d.

Fourth day's receipts £447 5s. 7d.

No return from the School of Art Stall.

The stall-keepers were:—

1. The Mayores (Mrs. Fairbairn), Mrs. W. B. Denison, Miss Annesley, Miss Loraine, and Miss Fairbairn.
 2. Mrs. Dickinson, Miss Berry, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Cornock, Miss Conyers.
 3. Mrs. Ludolf, Mrs. Tatham, Mrs. Unna, Miss Tounslay, Miss Walker, Miss Brown.
 4. Gentlemen Honorary Secretaries' Stall—Mrs. Wardman, Miss Norwood, Miss Speck, Miss Outhwaite, Miss Carter, Miss Mary Calton, Miss E. Calton, Mrs. Liddle, Misses Murray.
 5. Educational Institute Stall—Miss Ash, Mrs. Dayson, Miss McCombe, Miss Brambles, Miss Tyas, Miss Hardy, Miss F. Hardy.
 6. Refreshment Stall—Mrs. Blackburn, Mrs. Craven, Mrs. John Craven, Mrs. Addyman, Miss Addyman, Miss Ann Addyman, Mrs. Gaunt, Miss Gaunt, Mrs. H. Inchbold, Mrs. Jefferson, Miss Walley.
 7. Subscribers' Stall—Miss Penny, Miss Jackson, Miss Hick, Miss Hirst, Miss Kate Jackson, Miss L. Penny, Miss Walker.
 8. Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Fraser, Misses Howe, Misses Middleton.
 9. Mrs. G. Taylor, Mrs. S. Taylor, Misses Kutley, Miss Mellor, Miss Taylor, Miss E. A. Taylor, Miss Taylor (Ripon).
 10. Mrs. Luccock, Mrs. Barr, Misses Nunneley, Misses Passavant, Misses Rogers, Misses Scott.
 11. School of Art Stall—Mrs. O. Nussey, Misses Varley, Mrs. Walter Smith.
- Supplementary Stall—The Misses Ash.
- Post Office.—Post Master, Mr. Lowe, assisted by Miss Lowe, Miss Emily Lowe, Miss F. Harrison, Miss Ross, Miss Lee, and Miss Simpson.

HOOTINGS OF THE OWL, MAY 27.

MR. REARDEN begs to announce that he will shortly sell by auction the following valuable and desirable properties:—

1. A noble messuage standing in its own grounds near Pimlico, and overlooking St. James's and the Green Parks. It was recently redecored for the temporary occupation of an Eastern Potentate. It contains extensive nurseries and mews. Possession can be had on completion of the purchase.

2. A country house at Windsor, on the banks of the Thames, built in the mediæval style, and fitted up with every modern convenience. This desirable mansion offers the greatest advantages to a nobleman, gentleman, or retired German monarch. Situate on the top of a hill, it commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, which will commend it to those who admire scenery, while to those who prefer associations it offers a choice and varied collection of traditions dating from the earliest ages. The dwelling-house contains an extensive suite of apartments, which might be made available for the entertainment of foreign princes and persons of distinction, a tower of great antiquity, and a chapel elegantly fitted up with the armorial bearings of the Order of St. George. The passage are light and airy, and water and a division of London police are laid on at all hours. The furniture, which is very elegant and unpoluted by smoke, may be taken at a valuation. Around the buildings lies a well-known park, which offers equal advantages to the sportsman, the naturalist, and the general lover of nature, while the property has recently been improved by the erection of a model farm, and a number of cottages upon the last red and white brick models. The privilege of walking on the slopes is attached to the property. There is free access to the railway, by dies at 1s. 6d. an hour, and to the Thames, and the drainage has recently been improved. Mr. Rearden having commissioned himself to put up this property, feels sure that the bids for it will do honour to him and justice to the advantages offered.

3. A marine villa, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, replete with every comfort. The habitation of this villa confers the right of entrance into the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and there are attached to it several yachts, which may, if desired, be taken on the usual Government terms at one-tenth of their cost price. Arrangements may be made by the purchaser for having his walks and drives recorded by the Court Newsman.

4. A shooting-box in the Highlands. This charming retreat, which was originally designed and laid out by a well-known architect, offers peculiar facilities for excursions. No ministers or importunate persons of any sort are allowed to approach within ten miles, and special trains at any hour are available to the possessor. Deer-stalking, salmon-fishing, and sketching are to be had in abundance, and gatherings of the clans are held within easy reach.

WORK! AN ANECDOTE.

A CAVALRY OFFICER of large fortune, who had distinguished himself in several actions, having been quartered for a long time in a foreign city, gradually fell into a life of extreme and incessant dissipation. He soon found himself so indisposed to any active military service, that even the ordinary routine became irksome and unbearable. He accordingly solicited and obtained leave of absence from his regiment for six months. But, instead of immediately engaging in some occupation of mind and body, as a curative process for his morbid condition, he hastened to London, and gave himself up entirely to greater luxuries than ever, and plunged into every kind of sensuality. The consequence was a disgust of life and all its healthy offices. He became unable to read half a page of a book, or to write the shortest note; mounting his horse was too much trouble; to lounge down the street was a hateful effort. His appetite failed, or everything disagreed with him; and he could seldom sleep. Existence became an intolerable burthen; he therefore determined on suicide.

With this intention he loaded his pistols, and, influenced by early associations, dressed himself in his regimental frock-coat and crimson sash, and entered St. James's Park a little before sunrise. He felt as if he was mounting guard for the last time; listened to each sound, and looked with miserable affection across the misty green towards the Horse Guards, faintly seen in the distance.

A few minutes after the officer had entered the park, there passed through the same gate a poor mechanic, who leisurely followed in the same direction. He was a gaunt, half-famished looking man, and walked with a sad air, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the ground, and his large bony hands dangling at his sides.

The officer, absorbed in the act he meditated, walked on without being aware of the presence of another person. Arriving about the middle of a wide open space, he suddenly stopped, and drawing forth both pistols, exclaimed: 'Oh, most unfortunate and most wretched man that I am! Wealth, station, honour, prospects, are of no avail! Existence has become a heavy torment to me! I have not strength—I have not courage to endure or face it a moment longer!'

With these words he cocked the pistols, and was raising both of them to his head, when his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols twisted out of his fingers. He reeled round, and beheld the gaunt scarecrow of a man who had followed him.

'What are you?' stammered the officer, with a painful air. 'How dare you to step between me and death?'

'I am a poor hungry mechanic,' answered the man, 'one who works from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and yet finds it hard to earn a living. My wife is dead—my daughter was tempted away from me—and I am a lone man. As I have nobody to live for, and have become quite tired of my life, I came out this morning, intending to drown myself. But as the fresh air of the park came over my face, the sickness of life gave way to shame at my own want of strength and courage, and I determined to walk onwards and live my allotted time. But what are you? Have you encountered cannon-balls and death in all shapes, and now want the strength and courage to meet the curse of idleness?'

The officer was moving off with some confused words, but the mechanic took him by the arm, and threatening to hand him over to the police if he resisted, led him droopingly away.

This mechanic's work was that of a turner, and he lived in a dark cellar, where he toiled at his lathe from morning to night. Hearing that the officer had amused himself with a little turnery in his youth, the poor artisan proposed to take

him down into his workshop. The officer offered him money, and was anxious to escape; but the mechanic refused it, and persisted.

He accordingly took the morbid gentleman down into his dark cellar, and set him to work at his lathe. The officer began very languidly, and soon rose to depart. Whereupon the mechanic forced him down again on the hard bench, and swore that if he did not do an hour's work for him, in return for saving his life, he would instantly consign him to a policeman, and denounce him for attempting to commit suicide. At this threat, the officer was so confounded, that he at once consented to do the work.

When the hour was over, the mechanic insisted on a second hour, in consequence of the slowness of the work—it had not been a fair hour's labour. In vain the officer protested, was angry, and exhausted—had the heartburn—pains in his back and limbs—and declared it would kill him. The mechanic was inexorable. 'If it does kill you,' said he, 'then you will only be where you would have been if I had not stopped you.' So the officer was compelled to continue his work with an inflamed face, and the perspiration pouring down over his cheeks and chin.

At last he could proceed no longer, come what would of it, and sank back in the arms of his persecuting preserver. The mechanic now placed before him his own breakfast, composed of a twopenny loaf of brown bread, and a pint of 'small beer'; the whole of which the officer disposed of in no time, and then sent out for more.

Before the boy who was despatched on this errand returned, a little conversation had ensued; and as the officer rose to go, he smilingly placed his purse, with his card, in the hands of the mechanic. The poor ragged man received them with all the composure of a physician, and with a sort of dry, grim humour which appeared peculiar to him, and the only relief of his otherwise rough and rigid character, made sombre by the constant shadows and troubles of life.

But the moment he read the name on the card, all the hard lines in his deeply-marked face underwent a sudden contortion. Thrusting back the purse and card into the officer's hand, he seized him with a fierce grip by one arm—hurried him, wondering, up the dark broken stairs, along the narrow passage—then pushed him out at the door!

'You are the fine gentleman that tempted my daughter away!' said he.

'I—your daughter!' exclaimed the officer. 'Yes, my daughter; Ellen Brentwood!' said the mechanic. 'Are there so many men's daughters in the list, that you forget her name?'

'I implore you,' said the officer, 'to take this purse. Pray take this purse! If you will not accept it for yourself, I entreat you to send it to her!'

'Go and buy a lathe with it,' said the mechanic, 'Work man! and repent of your past life!'

So saying, he closed the door in the officer's face, and descended the stairs to his daily labour.

LINES ON CYPHER.

You sigh—for a cypher, but I sigh—for you,
O sigh—for no cypher, but O sigh—for me;
O let not my sigh—for a cypher go,
But give sigh—for sigh-for, I sigh-for you so.

A man was waked one night and told his wife was dead. He turned over, drew the coverlet closer, pulled on his 'night-cap,' and muttered as he went to sleep again, 'Ah! how grieved I shall be in the morning.'

'Miss Brown, I've been to learn to tell fortunes,' said a young fellow to a briar brunette. 'Just let me have your hand, please?' 'Ia, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask papa!'

THE GRAND ORGAN.

DR. SPARK had the control of the grand organ during the period the Bazaar was open, and he was not only congratulated on his practised handling of the magnificent instrument with which he has been connected, more or less intimately, since it was opened, but he has also treated the visitors to a capital selection of music, gathered from the best works of favourite authors. This was, in its way, one of the specialities of the Bazaar, and the Doctor's interpretations of the great themes he undertook were received with the fullest satisfaction by not only crowded, but appreciative audiences.

DR. SPARK is advertised to play from 12 to 1, and from 9 to 10; and the Bazaar does not open until 2 o'clock.

A MANX journalist, recording the opening of a church for divine service, states that the celebration began by "a him being given out."

Dor's Corner.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOME.

"There is not an angel added to the Host of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth on those that loved it there."—*Dickens*.

There comes an angel day by day
Into this Home of ours:
And if we chance abroad to stray,
'Tis there among the flowers.
Its low sad gentle voice is heard
By night about our bed,
In many a dear familiar word
That minds us of the dead.
It brightens all our happiness;
And when dark sorrows come,
Speaks comfort to our hearts, and is
The Angel of our Home.

When first we learned to speak of Death
We felt it by our side—
While, blessing us with parting breath,
Our own sweet mother died.
It said of our unavailing tears,
And kissed our pale cheeks dry;
Brought hope to soothe our faithless fears,
And pointed towards the sky.
Since then, in all our happiness,
And when dark sorrows come,
'Tis ever by our side, and is
The Angel of our Home.

And all our love, so great before,
Since that sad hour hath grown—
Our Angel bid us love the more
The more we feel alone.
It will not suffer in our mind
One selfish thought to stay—
One envious wish, or word unkind,
Since our bereavement day.
Still may it bear us company,
Through all our years to come—
Sit ever in our hearts, and be
The Angel of our Home.

C. H. HUTCHINGS.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH AND CHORUS.

BY JAMES EDWARD NEILD, M.D.

L.

Bright land, Australia!
Bright great and free!
Though newly found,
Fame's trumpet sound
Yet honour's thee!

Young though in age,
Thy name is writ on History's page.
Oh! golden land of corn and wine,
Of myriad flocks and kine,
Thy skies are arch'd with purest blue,
Thy flowers are gay of hue;
Thy plains are rich with an o'erteeming soil,
Thy harvests scarcely need the farmer's toil.

II.

Bright land, Australia!
Bright great and free!
A nation young,
An infant strong,
Greater to be!

Yet great in peace,
Unlike the lands where wars increase,
Not writ our chronicles in blood,
Our pride of greatness doing good.
Our warriors wield the mighty pen,
They slaughter wrongs, not men.
Our triumphs letters, science, arts and laws,
The good of all mankind our holy cause.
March onward freedom and the free,
March, brothers, march, in amity!
In such a land who would not be,
God bless Australia!

THE DYING GIRL.

Hark! hear ye not a solemn strain
Of holy music floating by?
The angels come!—a shining train—
To wait my ransomed soul on high.
And there is one with that bright band—
I know her form—I hear her voice;
She calls me to the spirit-land,
And bids her dying child rejoice.
Farewell, dear friends! I weep not for me;
My mother comes—I must away;
And, father! God will watch or thee,
And guard thy life's declining day.
See! see! seraphic forms draw nigh,
Array'd in robes of purest white:
Father, farewell! I long to die,
And dwell amidst the realms of light.
Hark! hark! sweet music fills the room,
And angels whisper in my ear—
"Fear not! I fear not! the valley's gloom,
There is a pathway bright and clear."
See! see! they beckon me away;
Their heavenly pinions wide are spread;
Father, farewell! I must not stay—
Weep not—weep not—when I am dead.

P.

The Bachelors' Corner.

A REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION.—The following inscription, for the benefit of ill-tempered wives, appears upon a monument in Horsleydown church, Cumberland:—Here lie the bodies of Thomas Bond, Esq., and Mary, his wife. She was temperate, chaste, and charitable, but she was proud, passionate, and peevish. She was an affectionate wife and tender mother, but her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance except with a disgusting frown. Whilst she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile, her behaviour was discreet towards strangers, but imprudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding, but at home by ill-temper. She was a professed enemy to flattery, and

was seldom known to praise or commend; but the talents in which she principally excelled were, difference of opinion and discovering of flaws and imperfections. She was an admirable economist, and, without prodigality, dispensed plenty to every person in her family, but would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle. She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities, but much more often miserable with her many failings, inasmuch that in thirty years' cohabitation, he often lamented that, maugre all her virtues, he had not in the whole enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort. At length, finding she had lost the affections of her husband, as well as the regards of her neighbours (family disputes having been divulged by servants), she died of vexation, July 20, 1860, in the 48th year of her age. Her worn-out husband survived four months and two days, aged 54. William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone as a weekly monitor to the surviving wives of this parish, that they may avoid the infamy of having their memories handed down to posterity with a patchwork character.

THE FIRST WEDDING.—(From an American paper.)—Major Nosh thus pleasantly and philosophically discourses upon "the first wedding." He says—We like short courtships, and in his opinion, Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Mdle. Eve; and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world I have had, however, our own thoughts, and sometimes in a poetical mood we have wished we were the man that did it. But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beax there—no croaking old maids—no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the largest speculations of theologians—mere babes—the largest but not older—without experience, without a house, without a pot or kettle—nothing but love and Eden!

PRASANT LOVE MAKING AND MARRIAGE.—A Lusitanian clown when he meets his mistress respectfully takes off his hat, and stands leaning at some distance on his long stick, while she, on the other side of a gate, or with her basket resting on a wall, looks demurely on the ground, a smile playing on her lips, every now and then turning on her swain such sparkling glances from her bright eyes that it is no wonder his heart is inflamed; and I believe that very rarely is either party fickle or false. I have a very high opinion of the Portuguese peasantry, but particularly of the females, who are possessed of all the amiable qualities which adorn the sex throughout the world, with as large a share of beauty as generally falls to the lot of any. The courtship concluded, the marriage ceremony takes place, among the lower orders in the parish church. The priest literally ties the hands of the loving couple together with the end of his surplice, before he puts on the ring. He reads the service in Latin, the spectators all the time not thinking it necessary to act with any great decorum; and as soon as it is over they salute the bride and bridegroom with showers of bon bons, before even they see get out of the churching priest almost blinded by one hitting him in the eye, greatly to the amusement apparently of all present. The higher orders are married in the private chapels belonging to their houses, the ceremony being the same as in other Catholic countries, a ball afterwards taking place at the house of one of the party, at which the newly-married couple are invariably present.

Diamond Dust.

PLEASURE may be called the short cut to the tomb, as it shortens time, which is the way.

THE commentary of a severe friend is better than the embellishments of a sweet-tipped flatterer.

Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your bottle for every thirst.

THERE is nothing ugly for those who know the virtues and beauties of all the things which God has made.

You can never overtake time. It is best, therefore, to be always a few minutes before him.

He that prytheth into every cloud may be stricken with a thunderbolt.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts of the world wonderfully.

Where merit appears, do justice to it without struggle.

FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE.—Don't be discouraged by early difficulties. What if disappointments are frequent? They have been so in every man's life. The men who are successful now, had many a hard struggle to endure. They have sometimes been in want even for their daily bread. In youth the path of life seems smooth and soft; but as we advance we find many a thorn and bramble. The feet are torn and bleeding, perhaps; but courage! Faint heart never won anything worth having yet. What if some cherished hope be not realised? Perseverance will often bring nobler prizes than we first counted upon. The journey is a tiresome one very frequently, and we may feel unable to battle on sometimes.

Soberly along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pance,
He labours up the steep.

But he who goes bravely forward, will conquer at last. If men always gave up when they were defeated, who would be successful? Rich or poor, high or low, we must all be baffled now and then, do what we will. The sure plan to triumph is to work on and "hope over." Are we to think in the sunshine that we shall never have any more bad weather? Are we to think in a storm that the sun will never appear again? No! Let us wait in confidence, but never wait idly. If one plan has failed, try another. Should one hope disappoint us, let us turn to something which promises greater certainty. He who fights the longest in the battle of life, achieves the most. Look into the lives of great inventors—they all had bitter disappointments to encounter. Suppose they had given way at these times of depression, would they ever have reaped any reward at all? A man may attempt a thing twenty times and fail—the twenty-first he shall succeed. How do we know we have done our best till we have struggled on as long as we are able? Even if success should come late in life, it is better than for it not to come at all. Let fortune frown—what matter? She will surely smile again. The wheel is always turning round, and we cannot be long at the bottom. We all draw blanks as well as prizes: and what is the use of moaning and repining over the blanks? Set to work again with a cheerful spirit. Don't be discouraged. Go steadily on,—striving, hoping, persevering. Keep to the straight path, and don't be driven aside into the mire of despondency. If you are so driven, others will pass you in the race, and it will be harder work than ever to regain the ground you have lost. Consult your own conscience in all things, and be guided by that. The good opinion of men is not to be despised, but never sacrifice honour or truth to gain it. Elbow your way through the crowd firmly, and with unflinching spirit. Mark out a course for yourself thoughtfully, and then steadily pursue it.

SCRAPS FROM THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

RULES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.—Rise early, and never sit up late. 2. Wash the whole body every morning with cold water, by means of a large sponge, and rub it dry with a rough towel. 3. Drink water. 4. Avoid spirits and fermented liquors of every kind. 5. Keep the head cool, and sleep in an airy apartment. 6. Eat no more than enough, and let the food be plain. 7. Let your supper be light, if you take any. 8. Study to preserve a tranquil mind and a cheerful temper. These are golden rules for health.

It is more easy to forgive the weak who have injured us, than the powerful whom we have injured. He that has cut the lion's claws will not feel himself quite secure, until he has also drawn his teeth.

COOL.—A gentleman, residing in a village, not many miles from Exeter, finding that the diminution of his wood pile continued after his fires were out, he lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour when all "honest folks should have been in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy neighbour endeavouring to get a large log into his wheelbarrow. "You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I am asleep." "Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come down and help me?"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—A gentleman, who had put aside two bottles of capital ale, to recreate some friends, discovered just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Soundrel," said his master, "what do you mean by this?" "Why, sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds that it was going to thunder, so I drank up the YALE at once, lest it should turn sour, for there's nothing I do abominate like waste."

WILLIAM PENN and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacco house, the owner of which said to them, "You enter here without leave; do you know who I am? I am a justice of the peace." To which Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as these—he is governor of Pennsylvania."

THE future is always fairly land to the young. Life is like a beautiful and winding lane, on either side bright flowers, and beautiful butterflies, and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste; so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But, by degrees as we advance, the trees grow bleak; the flowers and butterflies fall; the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived to reach a desert waste; in the centre, a stagnant and lethan lake, over which wheel and shriek the dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the past.

AN IRISH GRACE.—Some years ago, when the Duke of Devonshire paid a visit to his estates in Ireland, the steward of the mansion at which his grace intended to sojourn called all the domestics together to tell them how to demean themselves, saying, among other things, that their master was much higher than a lord, he was a duke; and, said he, quietly, "whenever he speaks to you you must say 'your grace.'" This made a deep impression on a housemaid, whose province it was to conduct the duke to his sleeping apartments. When on the stairs the duke said, good humouredly, "Well, my pretty girl, what is your name?" The girl, thinking of the steward's injunction, put up her hands and began, "for what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful."

STOPPING THE PAPER.—Lord Byron, in reference to the attack made on his poems, "Hours of Idleness," said: "There is no man, however thick-headed or heartless, who would not smart under the knowledge that he was held up in even fifty copies of a newspaper; there is, however, none but a very thin-skinned fool, who would, as the phrase goes, stop a paper because it did not chime in with all his notions, or because it attacked him. Whatever folly I may have, I am not guilty of this miserable peccolery."

PEOPLE often affect to be out of humour, to appear of consequence.

THE DOG COLLAR.

By J. E. N.

(Concluded.)

"He made a furious stride towards where I stood, but tripping over a projecting stone, he fell against the rock to which I was chained, and struck his head with fearful force against it. He had evidently fractured his skull, for he breathed stertorously and was perfectly insensible. I raised him up a little, and sprinkled some of the water he had brought me on his face; but it was of no avail, and in half an hour he was dead.

"I worked hard for some hours in digging a grave with the knife that he had used to cut down the body of Ethel, and in it I placed both bodies, after taking from Ethel's head this ringlet."

And he took from his breast a pocket-book, in the innermost compartment of which was a long curl of silken brown hair.

"I cannot tell you all the fearful experience of the next two or three days. I lay on the ground parched with thirst, and my only desire was for death. I was of course now in profound darkness. A feeling of numbness began at last to creep over me, and I seemed to be neither asleep nor awake. All at once, however, I heard the dull sound of a pick at work, and I knew that somebody was driving in an adjoining claim. I shouted with all my might, and then listened: but the pick still went on as before. I shouted again, and threw into the sound all my remaining strength, which was not much, and then the picking ceased and I could hear voices. In a few moments the picking was resumed, and I knew that more picks than one were at work. In five minutes further a pencil of light shone through a hole in the wall of earth, and very soon I was surrounded by half a dozen men, all asking me questions as to how I came in that extraordinary situation.

"I told my story, both to them and afterwards to the coroner. There was no newspaper in the neighbourhood at that time, and no report of the occurrence ever got into the Melbourne papers. Horrible things happened every day in that rough period, and very soon this was forgotten. But the gully is still known as Madman's Gully, and nobody ever ventured to work the hole any further, though it is known to contain an immense quantity of gold. The cottage is now in ruins, and the place has the reputation of being haunted. I have once visited it, but all the old horror came over me, and I left it terror-stricken. Ethel's lock of hair, and that Dog Collar, are all that remain to me of this dreadful episode in my life."

The Dog Collar still hangs in the cabinet in my friend's "den," and as I look at it, I think sometimes how differently everything might have turned out, if Lindsay had not been obliged to go suddenly to Innsbruck.

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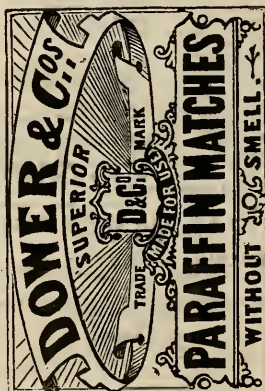
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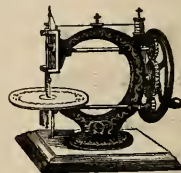
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